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The Sketch

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Yet even now those precious charms are threatened by Pyorrhea and she doesn't know her danger.

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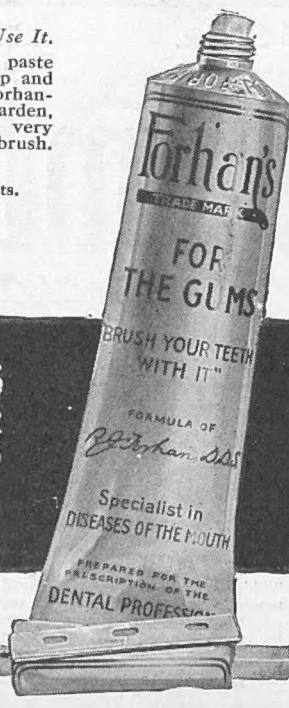
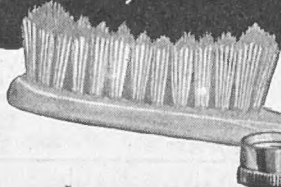
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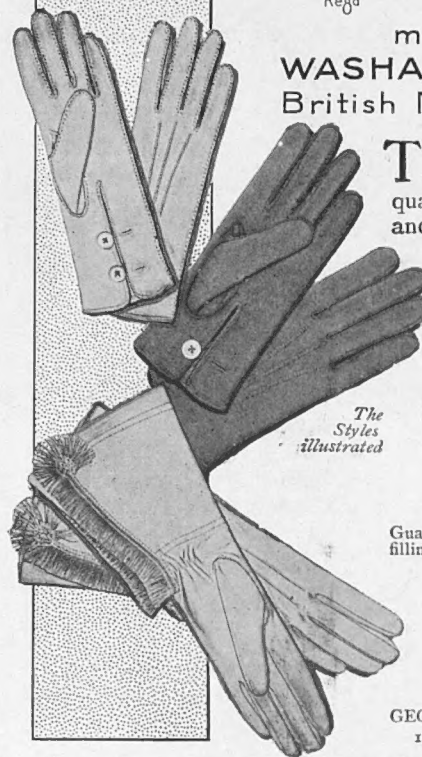


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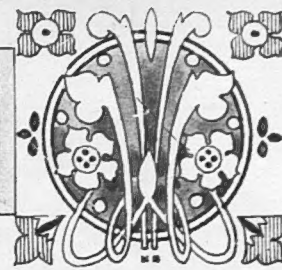
(as charming as the flower).

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THE SKETCH



REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

No. 1546—Vol. CXIX.

WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 1922.

ONE SHILLING.



PAULA TANQUERAY IN THE SEA: MISS GLADYS COOPER WITH JOAN AND JOHN.

Miss Gladys Cooper has been having a strenuous time of it lately playing the highly emotional part of Paula Tanqueray at the Playhouse. During August she had a little more rest, as the Monday evening

performances were withdrawn, but now these have started again. She is here seen with her son John and her daughter Joan enjoying a dip at Frinton-on-Sea.

PHOTOGRAPH BY STAGE PHOTO CO., EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."



Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

"Recipes for Sleep."

It is, of course, the custom of our lighter daily contemporaries to interview high medical authorities on almost every subject under the sun. Harley Street and Wimpole Street have told us, through the medium of the Press, what to eat, how to eat, and when to eat—with prohibitions to correspond; what to drink, how to drink, and when to drink—with corresponding warnings; what to wear, when to wear it, and how to wear it; at what age to marry and whom to marry; where to live; how to take a holiday; how to work; how to walk; what games to play, and when and how to play them.

It never occurred to me, however, that, as a nation, we should have to be told by Harley Street how to get to sleep. It seems only yesterday that our gracious Sovereign, then Prince of Wales, delivered his famous "Wake Up, England!" speech in the City of London. We certainly woke up from 1914 to 1918, but we fell fast asleep after Armistice Day, and have slept very soundly ever since.

The Germans, I am told, are very much awake. The Americans most certainly are awake. The French appear to be stirring, and the Belgians with them. But England slumbers. She cannot even carry her harvest on a fine Sunday. She leaves the job over for Monday, and then stands in the barn, half-asleep, watching the rain.

The Authority Speaks.

"A medical authority to-day described how the perfect sleep may be obtained. The first consideration is that the period should be regular."

I think we can promise that. The daylight-saving, of course, kept country people awake to a rather late hour in the summer; but the nights are drawing in nicely, and most of our villages are sound asleep round about ten. The towns follow at eleven. By twelve only madmen and drunkards are astir, and they do not matter, anyway.

"The room should be well ventilated, the bed-clothes not too heavy, and the pillows not too high. The number of blankets and quilts will vary with the seasons and with the individual. Some people are more susceptible to the cold than others. Keep your windows open, and don't get in a draught."

All this is as sound as sleep. What we should do without the high medical authority I cannot imagine. I shall now remove the eight quilts from my bed and manage with four.

"Night-clothes should be fairly loose," continued the sage, "and care should be taken not to have a tight neckband. Woollen material is best in the winter; silk in (word missing in my edition)."

I would give much to know that missing word. Too bad to leave us all in doubt. We might make any mistake.

The Prime Minister's Book.

Much consternation has resulted from the announcement that the Prime Minister will not accept payment for his

sacrifice £90,000, even for the sake of a fine gesture. It is not even every rich man who would throw away a sum like that, and we are assured that Mr. Lloyd George is anything but a rich man."

This writer is impressed, you see, by the largeness of the sum. Can you find anything more illogical than that? If the sum had been £10 instead of £90,000 he would have commended the Prime Minister.

Official War Books.

The fact is that, if Mr. Lloyd George had accepted this £90,000 for a book that is really an official war-book written in the first person, all those of us who wrote official war-books that commanded large sales in England, America, and the Colonies would have been in a position to demand royalties on those sales.

I myself had the honour of writing a book during the war that was to be found on every bookstall in this country, was specially set up and published in the United States, and specially set up and published in Canada. My name was attached to it by request of the book-sellers, and it was written in the first person. I am a very much poorer man than Mr. Lloyd George, but I did not receive a penny for that book, nor did I expect one. It was written from matter officially supplied, or rather, officially obtained by myself. I was congratulated by many people on having made a fortune out of it; they seemed staggered

when I explained that it was written in the ordinary course of my duties, and that the proceeds went to the Government.

The proceeds of the Prime Minister's book, I understand, are to go to charity. I am not at all sure that they should not be applied to the reduction of the income tax on professional incomes. That, if you like, would be a "fine gesture."

Therms.

I am sorry that I have no room this week for the question of therms. It was only the other week I was saying that children at school should be taught to read the gas-meter. Wrong again, you see. It is clearly useless to master the intricacies of any game if the other side can change the rules whenever it suits them so to do.



ROYALTIES AND OTHERS AT ABOYNE: WATCHING THE GAMES.

Society was well represented at the Highland Games at Aboyne the other day. Our photograph shows (from left to right): Lord Glentanar, Lady Glentanar (his mother), Marchioness Douro, Princess Andrew of Greece, Hon. Mrs. Clarence Bruce, Princess Margaret of Greece, the Hon. Pamela Coventry, and Princess Theodora of Greece.—[Photograph by C.N.]

forthcoming book on the war and the events following the war.

"I did not think," says one writer, "that Mr. Lloyd George was going to provide us so soon with perhaps the most startling instance of this strange idealism that any of us have ever known, or are ever likely to know. There has, of course, been a chorus of praise for the Prime Minister. May I suggest that his idealism is not merely unnecessary, but illogical?"

"I need hardly say that I am not insensible to the grandeur of his gesture, blamably sentimental as I hold it to be. A man may do a foolish thing; but if he does it from good motives and if he makes a great sacrifice in order to do it, we cannot withhold a certain admiration. It is not every man who would



ELSIE AND GNOME.

Photograph taken by Frances. Fairly bright day in September 1917. The "Midg" camera. Distance, 8 ft. Time, 1-50th sec. The original negative has been tested, enlarged, and analysed in the same exhaustive manner as A. This plate was badly under-exposed. Elsie was playing with the gnome, and beckoning it to come on to her knee. The gnome leapt up just as Frances, who had the camera, snapped the shutter. He is described as wearing black tights, a reddish-brown jersey, and a pointed bright-red cap. The wings are more moth-like than the fairies', and of a soft, downy, neutral tint. The music of the pipes held in his left hand can just be heard as a tiny tinkle sometimes, if all is still. No weight is perceptible—though, when on the bare hand, a fairy feels like a "little breath."



FRANCES AND THE LEAPING FAIRY.

Photograph taken by Elsie in August 1920. "Cameo" camera. Distance, 3 ft. Time, 1-50th sec. This negative and the two following (D and E), have been as strictly examined as the earlier ones, and similarly disclose no trace of being other than perfectly genuine photographs. Also they proved to have been taken from the packet given them, each plate having been privately marked unknown to the girls. The fairy is leaping up from the leaves below, and hovering for a moment—it had done so three or four times. Rising a little higher than before. Frances thought it would touch her face, and involuntarily tossed her head back. The fairy is apparently in a close-fitting costume of faint lavender colour.



FAIRY OFFERING POSY OF HARE-BELLS TO ELSIE.

The fairy is standing almost still, poised on bush leaves. The wings are shot with yellow, and upper part of dress is very pale pink.



FAIRIES AND THEIR SUN-BATH.

This is especially remarkable, as not only would it be exceedingly difficult to produce such a negative by faked work—impossible, in the opinion of some experts—but it contains a feature that was quite unknown to the girls. The sheath or cocoon appearing in the midst of the grasses had never been seen by them before, and they had no idea what it was. Fairy lovers and observers, of the New Forest, describe it as a magnetic bath, woven very quickly by the fairies, and used after dull weather. The sun's rays through the sheath appear to magnetise the interior, and thus provide a "bath" that restores vitality and vigour.

DO YOU BELIEVE IN FAIRIES? IF SO, WHY NOT SNAP-SHOT THEM?

An extremely interesting book, "The Coming of the Fairies," by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, has just appeared. In it he attempts to prove the authenticity of fairy photography. The

work is published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, to whose courtesy we are indebted for the above reproductions of fairy photography.

The Jottings of Jane; Being "Sunbeams out of Cucumbers."



Venice.

The worst of being of an impulsive and impressionable nature is that you no sooner decide to go to a new place than you are instantaneously seized with a deadly loathing of the fetters that keep you chained somewhere else.

For weeks Jane had gloried in her hill-top in Scotland. The heather, the mists, the young men, the purple mountains—they all were most satisfying. Besides, it was comfortable, that jolly old grey house with the big open fireplaces, and the smell of damp tweeds at tea-time, and the knowledge that nothing could disturb the peace of it—not even a new war in the Near East or the same old one between classes everywhere else. And then came the invitation to heaven.

Straight from the blue it came in a little hand-made paper envelope. Actually the letter said Venice. Venice for ten whole days.

Venice, where even in September the sun is all gold, and the moon makes dreams out of dripping grey stones, and prehistoric men move under spells that not even the most modern of young English women can break. And there are several modern young women here—I mean, in Venice; but of them more later.

This is my first visit to Venice. Let me live it—every blessed moment. Not with Ruskin or Turner or Walter Tyndale, R.I., or the Brownings, or Lord Byron, or any other maker of book or picture.

"Venetia, Venetia, chi non ti vede. Non ti pretia." Shakespeare was right. You must see Venice with your own eyes. You must hear it—all the starlings chattering in the high tree-tops of the gardens on the Grand Canal, the gentle splashing of the gondolas, the bells of San Marco, of Santa Maria della Salute, the midnight minstrels singing the same old songs they sang in the days of the Doges. . . . You needn't see the steam-boats or smell the motor-launches. With an ounce of imagination you make your senses absorb only the old beauty. With no imagination at all, you revel in the real—Verocchio's Colleoni, the flower-stalls at the Rialto, noon in the Piazzetta with the blue waters just showing between the columns of St. Theodore and of the Lion of St. Mark, the island of San Giorgio, the gloriously colourful cathedral, the Doge's Palace, Byzantine architecture rising side by side with Gothic, and yet wholly beautiful. . . . Across the water the Euganean Hills purpling against the evening sky far beyond the mists that enshroud Padua. . . . And, whomever else you shut out of your thoughts, Shelley you

cannot shut out. He it is who holds your heart in his hand and whispers—

Sun-girt City! Thou hast been Ocean's child, and then his Queen.

And if you are human you cry for mere

joy. For the first time you want to wash the world with tears of pure appreciation. All your friends had been so certain you would be disappointed. "Jane won't like Venice," they said. "Jane is too much of an enthusiast. She expects too much of places and of people, and of all life. She is doomed to disappointment and heartbreak. All idealists are."

And here Jane is, steeped in realisation that grows hourly more blessed than the rosiest dream. She is glad it is only for ten days. She will really absorb nothing. Venice isn't meant to be absorbed any more than a sunset or a rainbow—evanescent things that startle the soul and drift on

into the shade of memory. Venice should ever be like some dear lost love of long ago that never got beyond the first hand-clasp—the love you go back to when the hot noon of life seems crude and comfortless. Only those who do not thoroughly know Venice can go on dreaming about their unsatisfied longing.

Although I would not expect Lady D'Abernon to agree with me. From her beautiful Palazzo on the Grand Canal Lady D'Abernon has drunk deep of the beauty of all Italy. I expect she knows the history of the Venetian Republic backwards. She is here now revelling in her old pictures and rare furniture—herself the most beautiful picture in Venice, as she is one of the most beautiful in all Europe.

And Venice has lately been full of well-known Englishwomen. Mrs. Warde—who is perhaps better known still as Miss Muriel Wilson—has been here; Lady Colebrooke, who, indeed, spends most of her life in Venice now; Lady Diana Cooper, who has taken part of the Palazzo Contarini, on the Grand Canal; her cousin, Mrs. Ralph Peto; Miss Lois Sturt, Lady Alington's talented daughter, who with her bobbed hair and vivacity strikes a very modern note in ancient Venice; and over at the Lido Lady Rothermere, the Charles Winns, Miss Hester Astley, pretty Miss June Chaplin, with her father and mother; Mrs. Glasgow, the well-known American who entertained so much last season in London for her pretty debutante daughter; Lady Irene Curzon; Miss Elsa Maxwell; Comte Charles de Noailles and his great friend, Mr. Hugo Rumbold, who is probably collecting new ideas in colour and line for some new "little season" surprise;

and Count and Countess de Jansé. Countess Jansé is best remembered in London as Miss Phyllis Boyd, who was so often seen with Lady Diana Cooper. I told you there were several modern young people here!

But I have just returned from my first impression of the interior of St. Mark's. How can I describe it? The bronze network of the heavy doors, the deep twilight, the gradual tracing of beautiful form, the opening out of a vast cave, as Ruskin calls it, all shadowy aisles and white columns, into the shape of a cross; the streams of light from torches, from lamps, from candles, the thousand colours on the mosaic floor, the sheets of gold above and the walls of polished alabaster, the sculptured saints, the mysterious nuns with their white faces and long veils, the old white-headed beggars, and the beautiful voice of a young chorister suddenly soaring with the organ—one does not describe these things. The most one can do is enumerate them. And when you have done that there still remains the myriad impressions that have no name—the thoughts that were born of those changing lights and chiming chords, the poetry that is felt but never voiced, the never-to-be-forgotten pictures that defy, as all the best of life must ever defy, tangible human interpretation.

It is a super-sense that throbs most in Venice. One is back in the throes of primitive



1. This is Angela's maid-of-the-moment announcing a visit of the Boring-Bromides.

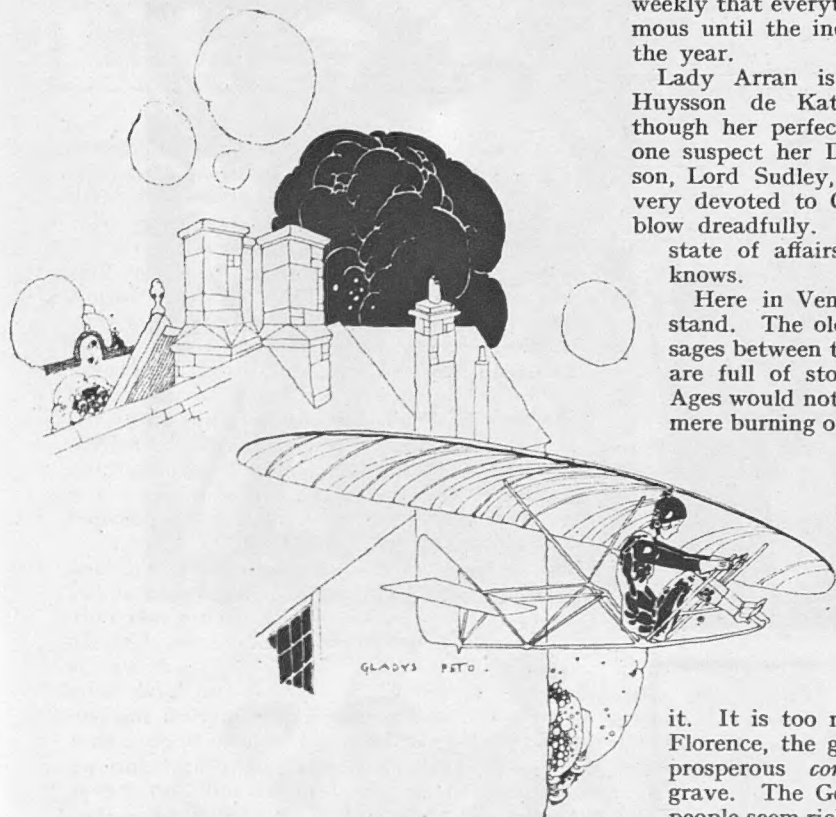


2. This is Angela seeking her glider by her secret stairway to the roof.

joy that knows itself but cannot make itself known. One is a child speechless over the first glimpse of a soap-bubble.

Letters from London.

Letters from London seem very out of place in Venice. It is strange that people should be walking in Bond Street even while I stand here in the sun with tame pigeons feeding out of my hand. But I accept it as a fact that Lady Wilton and her sister, Mrs. Bulteel, were very busy getting ready for



3. And this is Angela gliding happily off and avoiding the unwelcome guests.

Scotland last week. They have now gone to spend a few weeks with their father, Sir William Petersen, at Eigg, Inverness-shire, and then on to Ballathie to the Stuart Coats', who have a large party.

And Sir Hedworth Meux is back in London, or was, having just returned from Vichy with Lady Meux, who must find life a little quiet suddenly, with all her daughters now married.

Then I hear that Brittany has claimed some English holiday-makers, who invariably praise it beyond all other places for September. Lord and Lady Sligo have just left Dinant, where they spent some weeks with their youngest daughter, Lady Doreen Knatchbull, whose young husband, alas! is now one of those who have exchanged the comparative liberty of the Army for the London office.

He is, of course, Lord Brabourne's only son and heir, and will one day inherit Mersham Le Hatch, one of the Adam brothers' little Kent masterpieces near Ashford.

Lord Sligo's eldest daughter also now belongs to Kent, having recently married Lord Stanhope, the seventh Earl, of beautiful Chevening, Sevenoaks. But whenever I see Lord Sligo himself I am quite positive that in some past incarnation this Irish Marquess was a Spanish Grandee. I do not know whether he has any Spanish blood—many Irish people have; but his great good looks, his manner, his voice, all bespeak Spain of the romantic days of Catholic Isabel and Ferdinand.

Lord and Lady Arran's Loss.

My London letter also tells of the sympathy expressed on all sides with Lord and Lady Arran, whose Mayo seat, Castle Gore, was burned to the ground so ruthlessly the other day by sixteen masked and armed men. The Castle was over a hundred years old, and full of lovely antique furniture and many valuable pictures. I hear the damage is estimated at over £100,000.

Lord Arran used to be in the Blues, and

lately commanded all Officers' Training Corps in Ireland. He is a most versatile soldier—a man of many gifts who is a constant contributor to some of our leading periodicals. I remember articles of his in the *Nineteenth Century*, the *National Review*, the *English Review*, and he has even contributed to *Punch*, though it is the rule of that jolly weekly that everything should remain anonymous until the index appears at the end of the year.

Lady Arran is the daughter of Baron Huysson de Kattendyke, of The Hague, though her perfect English would never let one suspect her Dutch origin. Their eldest son, Lord Sudley, is nearly twenty; he was very devoted to Castle Gore, and feels this blow dreadfully. How it will all end—this state of affairs in Ireland, Heaven only knows.

Here in Venice it is easier to understand. The old bridges and narrow passages between the dark, dungeon-like walls are full of story. Venice of the Middle Ages would not have turned a hair at the mere burning of a nobleman's castle. But that such things should be in twentieth-century Ireland!

Italy is all glowing with golden harvest and peace—I mean Umbria now, where the heat has been so terrific that only Englishmen and salamanders could enjoy it.

The natives do not enjoy it. It is too much of a good thing. In Florence, the grapes are drying up. The prosperous *contadini* are looking very grave. The Government is poor, but the people seem rich enough. There are practically no beggars now—quite a new era for Italy. I can't help thinking how different things are at home. The Government is rich enough—at least, it must be, with all it has to spend out of our incomes, all it has saved out of Axed officers' pay, all it is demanding from our land-owners and our capitalists. But, wherever you go, individuals are poorer. Not a human do I know at home who is not doing without this or that luxury, that used to be considered a necessity. It makes one almost decide to pack up house and come over to Italy for good. It makes us wonder how on earth we could have been worse off if we had lost the war! It makes us hope for a League of Nations where one can be a free citizen of a free Europe, with all the Alps one's own, and the Riviera, Biarritz and St. Moritz mere suburbs of one world metropolis!

The League of Nations President.

And talking of the League of Nations, the new President is man enough of the world to understand us all. For a Latin, M. Edwards is singularly Anglicised in his tastes. His beautiful wife has Irish blood in her veins, which helps to account for her charm and her warm-hearted hospitality. Her parties in Grosvenor Square have long been known, not only by her own Chilean colony, but by her many English and cosmopolitan friends, to be among the most interesting in London.

To the present Diplomatic Corps in London she is indeed a godsend, as so few diplomatists to-day have enough private income to entertain often. I hear that Señor Edwards has twice been requested by his own country to return and stand for the Presidency of Chile, where he owns the principal newspaper. But he feels he has still much to learn in Europe. He is young enough and wise enough to measure his ambitions judiciously. Meanwhile, he enjoys himself playing real tennis as often as possible, collecting antique furniture, and entertaining the leaders of thought, science, and literature around one of the best boards

in London. Everyone has heard of Mme. Edward's chef!

In Venice we do not read the newspapers. We need our eyes for more wondrous sights. But we gossip and talk and get letters, and thus learn about London. I heard about the Gough-Calthorpe—Vernon-Harcourt wedding at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge. He is the only son of Lord and Lady Calthorpe of Kingswick, Sunninghill; and Miss Dorothy Vernon-Harcourt a daughter of the late Mr. L. W. Vernon-Harcourt and Mrs. Liddell, of Stillington Hall, York.

The bride must have looked lovely in her soft ivory satin gown, and her old Brussels lace veil. Her bridesmaids all in flame-coloured faille taffetas, with berthes of silver lace, and silver caps with trellis crowns of pink roses, sound delightful. The happy couple spent their honeymoon in Cornwall before sailing with Mr. Maclaren's cricket team for New Zealand and Australia.

Jane also heard about Lord Manners' marriage to Mrs. Claud Guinness at Rochester Cathedral; and about Miss Hester Chichele-Plowden's marriage (at St. James's, Spanish Place) to Mr. Kenneth Poland. Her uncle, Lord Stafford, gave Miss Chichele-Plowden away, and Roman Catholics predominated at the church and at the reception—Petres, De Traffords, Hibberts, Polands, Plowdens—and everyone admired the bride's beautiful and conventional ivory charmeuse and chiffon gown, with its long train of Brussels lace lined with silver. There were six grown-up bridesmaids, who looked charming in pink-and-mauve georgette; a little train-bearer, Master Anthony Trappes-Lomax; and two little girls, Miss Violet Petrie and Miss Jeanne Stourton. The honeymoon is being spent in the Lake District, and later the young couple go to Scotland.

And I hear that already London is looking more lived in. Blinds up and carpets down again—even the little red strips on doorsteps that bespeak dinner-parties. Lord and Lady Donoughmore are back in Chesterfield Gardens; and Lord and Lady Anglesey at Carlton House Terrace; and Lady Leslie in her new house in Great Cumberland Place.

IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.



4. And this, unhappily, is Angela making a forced landing upon the lawn of the Super-Boces, who are too delighted to welcome her.

Personalities at the Melton Mowbray Horse Show.



Miss M. Sheriffe &
Miss S. Crawford.



Miss
R. Leacock.



Captain &
Mrs. Marshall
Roberts.



Miss Cicely Rawlings
with "Cherry Bob."



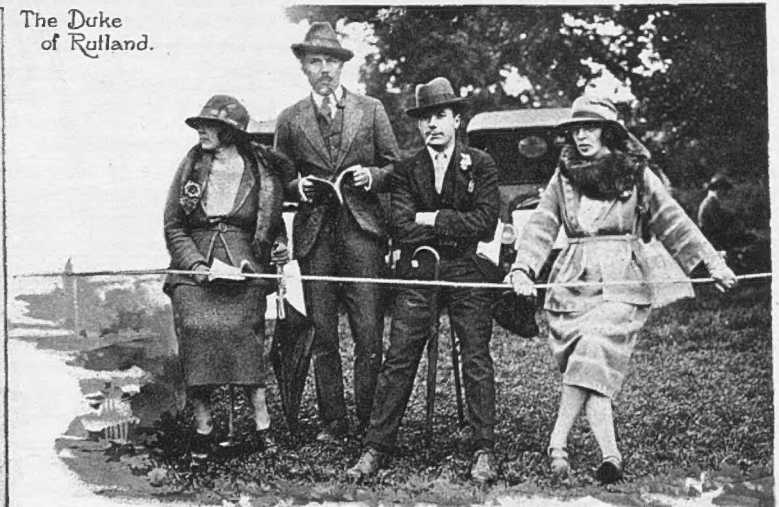
The Duke
of Rutland.



Mrs. Webber &
Miss M. Fenwick.



Mrs. Belas & Mrs. P. Fitzgerald with her daughter.



Miss O'Donnell, Capt. Cudenmore & Mrs. Stuart Brown.

The Horse Show at Melton Mowbray, which opened on September 7, attracted, as usual, a large number of sporting people, for the town is, of course, a well-known hunting centre in Leicestershire. Prominent among the visitors was the Duke of Rutland, at whose seat, Belvoir Castle, are the kennels of the famous Belvoir pack. Another well-known

figure of the hunting field who was present at the Show was Captain Marshall Roberts, now the Master of the South Notts Hounds. He served in the war as a Captain in the Welsh Guards. Formerly he was in the Scots Guards, and he served with that regiment in the South African War.—[Photographs by Alfieri.]

As an M.F.H. and as a Bride.



WITH HER PACK: MRS. SIMMONS (MISS AMY FAIRHURST).



UNDER AN ARCH OF HUNTING - CROPS: MR. AND MRS. SIMMONS.

The marriage took place last Thursday, at Chieveley Church, of Miss Amy Fairhurst, daughter of Lieut.-Col. James Fairhurst, Arlington Manor, Newbury, to Captain F. K. Simmons, M.C., of the Highland Light Infantry. Followers of the hounds of which Mrs. Simmons is Master, and friends who worked with her

in France, formed a guard of honour outside the church. Mrs. Simmons is one of the few lady M.F.H.s, and comes of a sporting family. Our first photograph shows her at the Tedworth Foxhounds' meet for cub-hunting, at Savernake Forest. Captain Simmons is the son of Mr. Simmons, of Crowthorne, Berks.—[Photographs by C.N.]

Celebrating Its 28th Year.



THE BRIGHTON LAWN-TENNIS TOURNAMENT: SOME MEMBERS OF THE COMMITTEE CARICATURED.

The Brighton Lawn Tennis Tournament is one of the oldest South Coast fixtures, this being its twenty-eighth year. The Earl of Chichester is President of the Tournament, and among the Vice-Presidents are Mr. David Sassoon, Colonel Sir T. Cusack-Smith, Bt.,

and Lieutenant-Colonel Rawson, R.N. The Hon. Secretary is Mr. Lionel G. King, which position he has occupied for thirty years. It is a standing joke against him that at each meeting he solemnly announces that it is his last official appearance.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY H. F. CROWTHER SMITH.

"Bluebeard's Eighth Wife" Sets to Work.



"A LIGHT FOR MY CIGARETTE?": MONNA (MISS MADGE TITHERADGE), JOHN BROWN (MR. NORMAN MCKINNEL), COUNT HUBERT DE LINONCOURT (MR. HUGH WAKEFIELD), AND DETECTIVE DUPRÉ (MR. ARTHUR CLEAVE).



THE COUNT DE LINONCOURT DOES NOT LIKE THE APPEARANCE OF THE BLACK CAT MASCOT: MR. HUGH WAKEFIELD.

Monna is the daughter of an impoverished French Marquis, who lives chiefly by his wits at various hotels in smart seaside resorts, where he is tolerated by the proprietors on account of his old title. Monna marries the "richest man in the world," John Brown, to whom she is honestly attracted, but she resents his attitude of treating her as though he had



JOHN BROWN LAYS DOWN THE LAW TO MONNA: MR. NORMAN MCKINNEL AND MISS MADGE TITHERADGE.

bought her. She determines to give him a lesson, and invites Hubert de Linoncourt to supper in her rooms, and, having given him too much to drink, orders him to put on his pyjamas and get into bed. This requires a good deal of explaining away when the jealous John Brown appears on the scene. The play is being given at the Queen's Theatre.

From Sealed Skin to Sealskin: a Study in Evolution.



AS WORN BY THE VICTORIANS: A BATHING-COSTUME WARRANTED NOT TO OFFEND SUSCEPTIBILITIES.



GETTING QUITE DARING: THE VICTORIAN GIRL ACTUALLY DISPLAYING A LITTLE NECK AND LEG.



AS WORN NOW: THE FASHIONABLE SILK BATHING-DRESS.



THE SEALSKIN BATHING-SUIT, WHICH MAY BE WORN IN 1923.

Fashions change—we all know that—but there has been no greater transformation in any garment than in the bathing-dress as worn in Victorian days and that of our own times. In the former, getting wet must have been an effort, and swimming an impossibility, though possibly that was not considered a lady-like accomplishment in the

days of our grandmothers. Whether the sealskin costume of 1923 will be in general use is somewhat doubtful; still, it looks very becoming and expensive, and certainly suits Miss Hope Hampton, who also posed for the other pictures on this page. She is well known as a film star.—[Photographs by F. A. Jones.]

Photography as a Fine Art.



"WITH NATURE'S BEAUTY DREST."

Photograph by Francis Jay.



The Clubman. By Beveren.

In Berlin. Like many a person who this year has found it difficult to make up his mind where to spend his holiday, I have been on a trip to Berlin—only a few days, and I do not lay claim to full knowledge about the political situation: whether Germany can pay if she wants to, whether she is preparing for the next war, whether the German nation as a whole is better disposed towards us than towards the other Allies; and the usual rigmarole of high-falutin' generalisation and supposition.

But I can compare the Berlin that is on the surface to London and Paris as they meet the eye of the visitor; and at once I can say that the hotels are more filled, the restaurants more animated, than in the French capital or our own; that the working class people you pass in the principal thoroughfares are rarely anything but neatly dressed, that there is no lack of private motor-cars and taxi-cabs, and that it is admitted that no shortage of work exists.

Some English and American folk resident a few months in Berlin will tell you that the police see to it that the poor do not show themselves on Unter den Linden; but they are hazy about it when you ask where poverty, plain and undisguised, is to be found. That side of it is puzzling to the inquirer who wants to be unprejudiced. And, again, one man you ask will tell you that ninety per cent. of the people you see in the smart restaurants are foreigners, mostly Swedes and German-Americans; but another authority at another expensive restaurant, in which the physical characteristics of the guests appear to be exactly the same, will say that seventy-five per cent. of them are home-grown residents.

At the hotels the visitor is stinted only in milk, and in that not enough to make the morning tea or coffee unpalatable to the average taste.

Just before the war Berlin was the latest-to-bed capital in Europe. Nowadays the bars and supper places remain open until 1 a.m.—or rather I should express it that 1 a.m. is the latest time at which you are supposed to be served with alcoholic drinks. And until that hour all the places are well filled.

English People There. I came across plenty of other visitors from London. Commander Kenworthy, M.P., accompanied by his ever-busy

secretaries, was staying at the Hotel Bristol gathering information for firing questions at the Front Bench occupants when Parliament resumes. Colonel Leslie Urquhart's appearance at the Adlon coincided with the news of the latest arrangement on the Reparations business; and Mr. Boris Said, formerly known in London for Russian deals and theatrical ventures, was quickly buzzing about him.

Mr. J. L. Sacks, the theatrical *entrepreneur*, Mr. Fred Thompson, comforted by the news that "Phi-Phi" was going strong at the London Pavilion, and Mr. A. Braff, were out casting an eye over Berlin's newest stage productions; and one day Mr. Thompson was tempted by that encyclopædia of knowledge, Mr. George McLellan, husband of

News—were lunching with one of the staff of the British Embassy at the Esplanade, the splendid Hugo Stinnes hotel now run by Kramer, who for seventeen years was at the Carlton in London.

Mr. Preston appeared to be one of the few men in Berlin who could produce a real first-class Havana cigar. He had lost his luggage for a day or two at the frontier, and was finding it awkward travelling without a valet, but he thought the German hotels well run, and was smitten with the *sauerkraut*. "Quex" had found out that 1911, 1915, 1917 and 1921 were the best years for the Rhine wines. He had also discovered that on warm days some Berlin business men went to their offices in white flannel trousers. I see that "Poy,"

"Quex" and "Mr. London" have all been taking a holiday at the same time. "Mr. London," I believe, is discovering in the Sussex villages that sun-dials, like the cows, do not pay heed to the Daylight Saving Act.

Berlin is beginning to take genuine interest in boxing. "Kid" Lewis gave an exhibition a short while ago; and Boy McCormick is still there, at his heels a magnificent Borzoi—which the vendor told him once belonged to the Tsar.

The day before I came away I heard a much-travelled man say that in ten years, owing to the growth of the English and American visitations, seventy-five per cent. of Germans will be speaking English. I would like to see that. It will make travelling much easier for us.

£20 A Hundred Hypnotism.

The one thing I do not find changed on

my return to London is the high play at bridge in some of the clubs: £15 to £20 a hundred is much more common than one would think.

I heard of one very wealthy man who last year lost £12,000 playing this sort of bridge. He still plays, and he still loses, largely because he cannot resist the fascination of playing with men whose game is vastly superior to his own. The other day he was playing a modest 10s. a hundred game, and was winning. But there entered into the card-room one of the regular players for heavy stakes, and the wealthy man became restless, tried to accelerate the end of the 10s. rubber. It was like some form of hypnotism.

He was not happy until he was playing for the higher stakes—and losing. He lost £200 between tea-time and dinner-time that evening.



AN INTERESTING WEDDING GROUP: THE HON. FREDERICK AND MRS. F. S. GOUGH-CALTHORPE, WITH BRIDESMAIDS AND THE BEST MAN.

The marriage took place on September 5, at St. Paul's, Knightsbridge, of the Hon. Frederick Somerset Gough-Calthorpe, only son of Lord and Lady Calthorpe, of Kingswick, Sunninghill, and Miss Dorothy Vernon-Harcourt, daughter of the late Mr. L. W. Vernon-Harcourt and of Mrs. M. Liddell, of Stillington Hall, York. The bridesmaids were Miss Violet Lawrence, Miss Nicoletta Handley, Miss B. Liddell, Miss Bartlett, and Miss Vaughan-Cox. Sir Harry Shiffner, cousin of the bridegroom, was best man.

Photograph by Bassano.

Miss Madge Lessing, to go on a shopping tour in the big stores. He was surprised to find that hosiery and lingerie, supposed to be so cheap, when you reckoned out the exchange, could come so near to London prices.

Mr. Ivor Novello, composer and film actor (with Mr. Frank Leveson, the dancer, as travel companion), was doing a tour of Berlin's theatres and restaurants. So was Mr. Jack May, the founder of Murray's Club. Mr. May says that if he made a success of a restaurant or a dancing place in Paris or Berlin, he would be sure of it for six months, or a year at the outside. In London if you make a success, you can build upon it for a very much longer time; it is a matter of difference of temperament.

One day Mr. Harry Preston, of Brighton, making his first visit to Germany, and Captain Nichols—"Quex," of the *Evening*

The Wife of the Leader of the Die Hards.



A DUKE'S DAUGHTER MARRIED TO A DUKE: THE DUCHESS OF NORTHUMBERLAND,
AND HER CHILDREN.

The Duchess of Northumberland is the youngest daughter of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon. In 1911 she married the Duke of Northumberland, and has five children—Earl Percy, born in 1912 (on the right of our photograph); Lord Hugh Algernon, born in 1914; Lord Richard, born in 1921; Lady Elizabeth, born in 1916; and Lady Diana, born in 1917. The Duchess is one of the great Society hostesses, and acts

for her father in that capacity during Goodwood Week. This year she had the honour of entertaining the King and Queen, it being the first time that her Majesty attended the Goodwood Races. The Duke of Northumberland's political convictions are well known, and he was recently chosen to be the leader of that section of the Conservative party known as the Die Hards.—[Photograph by Russell.]

JUNE IN SURREY IN SEPTEMBER: "PHI-PHI'S"



ENJOYING THE COUNTRY BREEZE: JUNE ON HER WEEK-END.



IN HER CAR WITH HER DOG GYP: ASPASIA IN MODERN DRESS.



JUNE TRIPP ON HER TRIPP.



PHI-PHI AND ASPASIA AT THE NET:
JUNE AND MR. CLIFTON WEBB.

June is a most talented young dancer and singer, and has scored successes in "London, Paris and New York" and "The Fun of the Fayre," before appearing in "Phi-Phi," at the Pavilion, in which play she makes yet another hit as Aspasia, the fair and flirtatious Athenian. Mr. Clifton

ASPASIA ENJOYING A WEEK-END IN THE COUNTRY.



WITH HER DOG NAMED AFTER HER LATEST SUCCESS: JUNE AND PHI-PHI.



IN A PENSIVE MOOD: JUNE IN THE COUNTRY.



WITH THE VERY LATEST TOY: JUNE "LISTENING-IN" TO A WIRELESS CONCERT.



AT THE BATHING POOL: JUNE PICKING FLOWERS.

Webb, who is shown above playing cricket with June, takes the part of the sculptor Phidias, called Phi-Phi for short. June's family name is Tripp, and she has called her motor-bicycle after herself. Elsewhere we give a portrait of June as she appears in "Phi-Phi."



Tales with a sting.

THE SIMPLETON AT THE FEAST.

By G. B. STERN.

SUDDENLY there was a ring at the door of my flat. Carlton, my man, was out, so I answered it myself. It was a frightful effort to get up out of the arm-chair, but lo! my reward was great.

On the mat was neither a circular nor a beggar, but, believe me or not as you like—and I wouldn't have believed it myself if anyone else had told me—on the mat was a perfectly beautiful girl without a hat on.

This latter item about her bucked me enormously. It looked as though she had come to stay.

I am rather a quick-witted sort of fellow; so, instead of saying, "Mr. Fairleigh isn't at home," or "Have you come about the gas?" I quoted poetry at her. I did—fact! I spouted: "Where do you come from, baby dear?" And she answered, pat as anything: "Out of the Everywhere into here!"

"Good!" I cried heartily; "come in—sit down." I ushered her into my sitting-room, hastily concealed a low sporting paper, and handed her one of my own special cigarettes, tipped with rose-leaves, with a graceful compliment, linking them up with her cheeks and all that, which I always keep handy with that special brand. She smiled divinely at me. Her eyes were grey, I think, as well as I could see them for a forest of lashes; and her hair smooth black; and she brushed it straight back from her forehead and it curled round again in a sort of square round her cheeks and in the nape of her neck, just in the way I liked it best.

"Fancy seeing you again after all these years," I began chattily.

She shook her head. "You never did," sadly.

"Yes, surely; don't you remember? You were that Borgia woman, and I was the cat you poisoned before you tried it on your husband. I don't owe you a grudge."

"I am glad," said my divinity, with a smile that left me blinking, "because I've come to borrow a pair of silver entrée-dishes. You look good and kind, and I thought if you had them you wouldn't mind lending them to me?"

"Of course I'll lend them to you; and what about a grandfather clock, and a worsted tea-cosy?"

"Not the tea-cosy; my aunt would think I had been leading a fast life in London. You see, I'm in the flat above you with my brother; and when I came up to town to housekeep for him a few weeks ago, my aunt gave me a pair of silver entrée-dishes for a twenty-first birthday present. —Now she has announced that she's coming to dinner to-night. . . and we haven't got the entrée-dishes any more."

"Did you——?" My hand delicately described in the air the outline of three balls arranged in a pyramid.

"Yes," she whispered, ashamed; "when we were broke. We still are, as a matter of fact, or we should have got them out."

"Let me get them out for you," I offered gallantly. It seemed I had done quite the wrong thing. She flushed, and her upper lip grew haughty as a duchess's, and she rose to her slender full height, and her voice had the sting and cold of an iced cocktail as she declined my kind suggestion and apologised for bothering me. . . I grew apoplectic in my efforts to retrieve my blunder.

"My dear Sonia——"

"My name is Damaris O'Neill."

I wondered why on earth I had called her Sonia. Sonia has been dead for seven years. . . .

"My dear Damaris, not only shall you have the loan of my entrée-dishes, but you shall have my silver soup-tureen, which dates from the time of good Queen Anne; also any little trifles in the way of candles, rose-bowls, or anything like that; and I insist on being allowed to stand the dinner—that is, if you will allow me to share it. Otherwise I will shoot myself for having offended you. You will hear me shoot myself at exactly twenty minutes to eight. I simply can't bear to think of you and your brother popping the last of your family jewels in order to buy a steak for your hideous maiden aunt."

"She isn't hideous, and she's been married twice," laughed Damaris, suddenly relenting. I dared not ask her what they called her for short, in case she froze again, and I did so want her to like me. I didn't want to be a bachelor all my life, and, of course, any other girl was out of the question now. Even Sonia—who anyway was dead, and rather out of it, as you might say.

"Perhaps I ought to tell you," said my fantastically beautiful visitor, "that Aunt Katherine is our legacy aunt, otherwise I shouldn't make such a fuss about offending her. Legacy aunts are really rather important. So then it's settled about the dinner?"

I sighed with relief: "It really is awfully good of you, Damaris O'Neill."

. . . I watched her go musingly up the stairs, and thought what a confounded shame it was that anyone so ethereal and moon-beamy, and with such deliciously slim feet, should have to bother over a lot of rotten things like aunts and entrée-dishes—the pun was unintentional, but, I must say, not half-bad!

Back again in my arm-chair, I comforted myself for the awful blank between now and dinner-time by imagining her on the far side of my ceiling, describing me to her brother: "He's really awfully good-looking, jolly and broad-shouldered, with something rather grave and distinguished about his nose; and he set me at my ease at once, over those dishes, in that typically well-bred, unconcerned way that one would expect from a man of his breeding. He dresses awfully well, and let fall one or two specially witty things which I would repeat if I remembered them". . . I couldn't remember them either.

The dinner went very well. Luckily, Aunt Katherine was so short-sighted as to be almost blind, and didn't notice the slight difference there must have been in the pattern of the entrée-dishes. I had been in a bit of a dilemma as to whether I should wear a hat to go to dinner on the next floor. Carlton thought I oughtn't to, but I argued that, to a prejudiced auntly mind, it would hint the worst if I strolled in all casual, bare-headed, and in carpet slippers. Damaris's brother seemed quite a good fellow; didn't say much, but he knew a good wine when he got one. It was quite a simple little feed, half-a-dozen oysters apiece, homard thermidor, a mushroom omelette, roast pheasant, a mousse aux marrons. We drank Moët-Chandon 1906, and really dry. By the time we had got our

cigarettes alight, the aunt was addressing me as "old companion."

The 'phone bell rang at half-past three on the following afternoon. It was Damaris: "I just rang you up," she interrupted my ecstasies, "to let you know, in the language of our profession, that we have escaped with the swag!"

"What do you mean?"

"Only that we happen to be a very select and original gang of crooks—Aunt Katherine too, of course. And that you, my poor lamb, must content yourself in the possession of a noble soul, for you will never see your entrée-dishes again, nor your soup-tureen, nor the silver candle-sticks—nor me!"

"My dear, why didn't you tell me that before? I've got much more valuable things than that. I've got a pink pearl tie-pin, and a gold cigarette-case with my initials in diamonds on it. You can have them all—all, if you will only come back. . . Damaris darling, don't leave me like this. I—I . . ."

But she had rung off.

My life was absolutely blighted. I didn't mind that Damaris was a crook, but that she should leave me without any clue to her address . . . Why, I might never see her again! It was too ghastly. I consulted Carlton, who put me on to a jolly good wheeze. When he first mentioned the police, I was so fed up, that if he hadn't gone on rather quickly, I'd have sacked him; but the idea was that I should put the police on to their track, with accurate descriptions of Damaris and the brother and Aunt Katherine—as though I had bothered to notice the other two when my Ivory Princess was there! Wish I'd thought of calling her an Ivory Princess before she had got away like that. Might have melted her. Well, and then when the police had got the gang and sent for me to identify 'em, I would swear to the brother and Aunt Katherine, and not recognise Damaris—say that she was the wrong girl; courteously apologise to her for the inconvenience of being arrested and so forth, and offer as compensation to take her out to lunch. She wouldn't be likely to give herself away. Then I would marry her, and we'd live happy ever after—and there you are, you know! I exploded with gratitude to Carlton. There's nothing like genius!

Three days later I got a wire from the police in some beastly hole in Hertfordshire, saying that a lady answering to the description had been nabbed, and was at the station, but that the two others had unfortunately got away. As though I cared about the other two! I yelled with joy. Damaris was found! I would have had a special put on to take me to her, if it hadn't happened that an ordinary train was starting a minute and a half after I whizzed up in my taxi. I sang all the way down—till an infernal notion suddenly struck me like a blow from the what's-its-name that the telegram only said "lady". . . .

Oh, Damaris, your graceful ankles and your arched insteps, as I watched you demurely run upstairs after you had wangled my silver entrée-dishes! Oh, Damaris, perhaps lost for ever——!

Which lady?

! [Continued on page 11.

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The Universal Game.

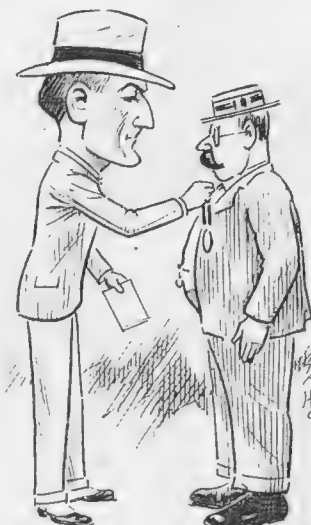
Lawn-Tennis Notes and Sketches by
H. F. Crowther-Smith.

A WORD or two on the subject of faults; those errors which—whether they are due to the swing of your racket in the air or the position of your feet on the ground—are penalised by the rules of lawn-tennis. Penalised, perhaps I should add, when it is considered you have made enough of them. For I estimate that you are allowed to make two errors, when you serve, free of charge: it is only when you become extravagant and make three bad strokes that the law at last intervenes and mulcts you "fifteen." Generally speaking, in games, one expects to have to pay for a bad stroke, and to profit by a good one. But in lawn-tennis the laws permit a player to make bad strokes with impunity. And they choose, mind you, to be thus lenient at the only time in the game

when you are allowed to arrange the ball on your racket exactly as you like with your own hand. With your first service you can put a ball, not only outside the lines prescribed for it by law, but into the next court, without penalty. With your second service you can hit the net strap, or band, and although the rule says the service shall pass over the net, providing the clever little ball correct your blunder and drop itself over into the right court, you are still allowed to have another try.

Both these two strokes are bad strokes, but go unpunished. And with regard to the net-cord stroke (which often just flops over from sheer luck), if it is dignified as a "let" during service for the sake of the striker, why not have it a "let" when the same thing happens in the heat of a strenuous rally? The makers of the service laws seem to have been very kind-hearted people. They evidently regarded the server's uphill task of trying to get the ball over the net with sympathetic eyes. They saw his first attempt hit the net about a foot from the top; the second strike the top of the net and just drop over. At this point the benevolent law-maker probably murmured a few words of encouragement, such as: "That's very good. You nearly got it over the first time: the second time the ball was actually found on the other side of the net. We will give you one more shot and then you will probably get it right over."

I was reading recently, "Lawn-Tennis for Club Players," by W. T. Tilden, the Open



FOR PERSONAL BRAVERY
IN COURT

of an entire match. This is due either to the linesman's lack of confidence in his knowledge of the foot-fault law; or if it be a very well-known first-class player that is transgressing, he shrinks from proclaiming the fact. We know that the All Highest in the game have been heard to say very nasty things to linesmen who have dared to foot-fault them. But the better the player the more careful he should be, not only to obey the rule, but to set a good example in court manners.

During Wimbledon Week, a little account appeared in one of the daily papers describing how a "plucky linesman" had foot-faulted even Suzanne herself. If this is really a plucky act, it should be duly rewarded, and no doubt next year we shall see linesmen being decorated at the conclusion of the meeting by Commander Hillyard for personal bravery in court. Or foot-faulting some well-known hot-tempered player may be so dangerous that a linesman will take his seat protected on either side by a stalwart policeman. But why on earth players stand so near the base-line I can never understand. This line ought to be looked upon, during the service, as a live rail which would instantly electrocute any player who got close enough to it. I should like it to be possible to have notices stuck up for the benefit of the server, such as: "Stand clear of the base-line!" "Beware of foot-faults!" "No talking to the linesman!" I was particularly struck, while watching the Surrey Junior Championships, by the position of the server. These small champions in embryo stood so far outside the base-line that there was no possibility of their breaking the foot-fault rule. And the service of some of these boys was extraordinarily good.

Champion of 1920 and 1921. He says: "One fault is a mistake, but a double fault is a crime." Then for goodness' sake let the opportunity for crime be removed at once by abolishing the double fault from the game; and let the one fault which is "a mistake" receive the same penalty as every other mistake made during a game. But I have not yet touched upon the other kind of fault, which concerns the position of the server's feet in relation to the base-line. The remarkable thing about the foot-fault is that it is often allowed to go on unchecked by the umpire or linesman during the course

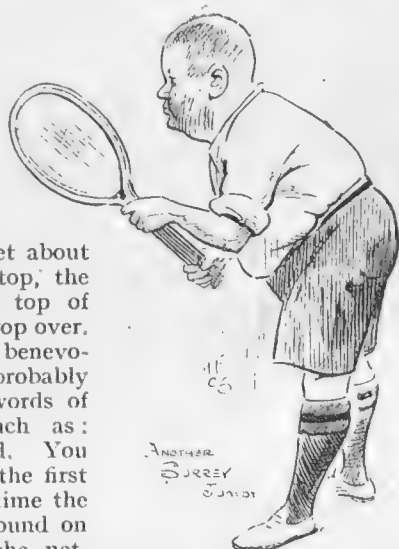
All of the competitors were under eighteen, yet the power and pace of their deliveries were quite up to the form of well-matured tournament



Linesman with POLICE protection.

players. Two small children, partners in the mixed doubles, attracted special attention. They were brother and sister, aged about fourteen and twelve respectively; but they were putting up a very stubborn fight against a pair quite twice their size, and at least three years older. The girl was just like a big wax doll. Her fair hair, tied back from her forehead with a huge white bow, hung over her shoulders, and her little plain white frock, with white shoes and socks, made her stand out as the baby expert of the tournament. I was glad to see the success of Mrs. Sterry's daughter in the girls' open singles. Perhaps it is too much to expect that she will achieve the same wonderful success as her mother, who was

Lady Champion five times, and also won Irish, Scottish, and several other championships. But in a few years' time we shall be better able to judge whether that real talent for the game has been inherited.



ANOTHER
SURREY
JUNIOR





Aspects of Irish Golf.

By R. Endersby Howard.

The Fallen Favourite.

This is the week of the Irish open amateur golf championship—once by far the biggest event of the autumn season—which is taking place on the Portrush links. It is, in truth, but a slim shadow of its former self. In the days of a peaceful Ireland it attracted entries from leading players in all parts of England, Scotland, and Wales. So far as concerned amateur golf, it was second only in importance to the British championship, held in the spring. When Mr. John Ball and Mr. Harold Hilton were at the zenith of their powers, they considered it so well worth winning that they went over year after year for it, and came by no means empty away, for Mr. Hilton secured it four times, and Mr. Ball was successful on three occasions. This season the governing union has made a great effort to restore its glories, but evidently the golfers of Britain are not yet wholly convinced that Ireland is the perfect spot for a quiet holiday.

A "Safe-Conduct."

The average Irishman has never been able to understand this attitude of mis-giving. Even perfervid Sinn Feiners could not understand it in the time when Sinn Feinism was running wild in its militancy against the British Government. I happened to be in Ireland at that period, and the leader of the movement in one district sought me out to make an explanation. "Tell your English friends," he said, "that we never interfere with a sporting event." Nor do I know that his party ever did. "Tell them," he went on in the aggrieved tone of one who felt that his country had been misunderstood, "that the only people we shoot are Government officials and policemen." It occurred to one's mind to mention the stray bullet that might. . . . Still, he was obviously sincere. A safe-conduct was granted to this Irish open amateur golf championship when it took place at Portmarnock, near Dublin, in 1920. On the morning of the second day officials and players found that, during the night, the Sinn Fein flag had been run up over the club-house. An intimation had been left for the secretary that, while the flag remained there, the meeting could proceed in peace. A good many of the players—they happened to include the then Solicitor-General for Ireland—were in favour of taking it down; but the Lord Mayor of Dublin, as captain of the club, recommended the turning of a blind eye on it. His advice was accepted, and nothing untoward happened.

Learning the Truth.

No doubt the old happy atmosphere of the Irish open meetings will return in the fulness of time. At its best, there was nothing to equal it in the way of golfing environment. Actually there were—and still

are in an attenuated form—two meetings a year, for the South of Ireland open amateur championship at Lahinch followed hard on the bigger event, and the individual who desired a great golfing holiday attended both. Each began with its selling sweepstakes. Here was a rare opportunity for every competitor to



GOLFING AT NORTH BERWICK: MISS HUNNEWELL AND LORD CHARLES HOPE ON THEIR WAY FROM THE FIRST TEE.

Photograph by S. and G.

learn what his fellows thought of him. When his chances of winning were put up for sale the auctioneer—always a person of true Irish bonhomie—would recount the player's past

candidate with no higher reputation, but whose play in practice had seized the imagination, would realise £20 or more. I believe that when Mr. Hilton was at his best he once sold for over £100.

When Lord Glerawly Won.

It was no uncommon thing for these selling sweepstakes to produce a total of £300, of which the individual who bought the winner took two-thirds. The luckiest success I remember in this connection occurred at the South of Ireland championship in 1906, when the winner was the late Lord Glerawly. The auction took place on the night before the championship began. Lord Glerawly had not reached Lahinch; there was no train in the morning that could bring him in time to start at the hour for which he was drawn, and everybody said that he would be an absentee.

A Breathless Arrival.

Consequently, when his name was put up for auction, nobody made a bid for him until somebody—I think he was Mr. Frank Easterbrook, a member of the London Stock Exchange—melted so completely under the auctioneer's scorn at this cautiousness as to make a gallant offer of half-a-crown. For this sum Lord Glerawly was duly sold. He turned up the next morning—having made the journey by motor-car—just as his name was being called. He had not even a minute in which to change into his golf shoes; he simply dashed on the first teeing ground to save being scratched, and began his match. And he won the tournament.

Vicissitudes.

Golf in Ireland has come through troublous times with a measure of vitality which is nothing short of astounding. Take, for example, the experiences of the Royal Dublin Club with their famous links at Dollymount— unquestionably one of the finest seaside courses in the world. At the start of the war it was taken over as a training-ground for troops. Not even its putting-greens were spared in the slightest degree. When, after five years, the officials set about the task of re-creating it, they could not so much as locate the greens, which had been trampled out of recognition. The course was reconstructed, and made, in the opinion of many people, better than ever. Then came the drought to break it up again; and when last I heard—the story was told to me by Mr. J. L. Morrow, formerly honorary secretary of the Irish Golf Union—it had been selected as a good place for rifle practice by the new Free State troops. They arrived without notice one morning, and, having no targets in particular, started firing at the tee-boxes, where, incidentally, members were trying to obtain

a little recreation by driving golf-balls. However, the troops had no malignant intentions, and when the situation was explained, they withdrew with an expression of regret and the hope that they had not shot anybody. Still the Royal Dublin Golf Club flourishes!



ON THE NORTH BERWICK LINKS: THE COUNTESS OF DERBY DRIVING AND GRACE COUNTESS OF WEMYSS LOOKING ON.

Photograph by Dalmain.

performances at golf with all the zest and unction of a house-auctioneer dilating upon the property that he wanted to sell. But many a local record-holder—a veritable giant of the links in his own circle—would find himself knocked down for 10s.; while another

Trick Golf in Egypt.



WITH THE BALL TEED UP ON AN ORDINARY TUMBLER:
E. A. FORREST DRIVING.



AFTER THE DRIVE: THE BALL GONE AND THE TUMBLER
UNDISTURBED.



THE THREE BALLS TEED ON ONE ANOTHER:
FORREST ABOUT TO DRIVE THE MIDDLE BALL.

CERTIFIED that the following shots were played by Mr. E. A. Forrest, Golf Professional to the Alexandria Sporting Club, Open Champion of Egypt, 1922, on August 12, 1922, in my presence. For the shot shown in Photographs Nos. 1 and 2, the ball was teed up on an ordinary tumbler and driven without breaking or overturning the tumbler. In that shown in Nos. 3 and 4, the middle ball was driven, and the top ball fell and rested on the bottom ball. In that shown in Photographs Nos. 5 and 6, the ball was teed up on the caddy's hand and driven without the caddy moving his position. No mechanical contrivance of any kind was used.

H. M. BLENKARNE,
Secretary,
Alexandria Sporting Club,
Alexandria, August 12, 1922.



AFTER DRIVING THE MIDDLE BALL: THE TOP
BALL LEFT RESTING ON THE BOTTOM BALL.



WITH THE BALL TEED ON THE CADDIE'S HAND: THE BEGINNING
OF THE DRIVE.



WITHOUT THE CADDIE MOVING HIS POSITION:
THE FINISH OF THE DRIVE.

E. A. Forrest comes of a golfing family, as his father, C. E. Forrest, is the golf professional of the East Berkshire Golf Club. He himself is 1922 champion of Egypt, and golf professional to the Alexandria Sporting Club. He claims to be the first person successful in driving the middle ball from

between two others and making the top ball rest on the bottom ball after the drive. At Gleneagles recently, J. Kirkwood, the Australian golfer, drove the centre ball in a pyramid of three, but the top ball did not rest at the finish on the bottom one, but fell to the ground.

Photographs by S. and G.



The Literary Lounger. By Keble Howard.

Male Adolescence.

Mr. Ernest Raymond has chosen one of the most difficult subjects in the world as the thesis of his new novel, "Rossenal." Many novelists have tackled female adolescence—as who should say, "the flapper"—with considerable success. But most of these writers have, in their day, themselves been flappers. They remember vividly their early thoughts, emotions, and experiences, the feminine memory for such things being reliable.

When the female novelist tries to write about boyhood, however, she gets hopelessly

an overbearing collaborator—Human Nature. This collaborator is apt to step in when he is least wanted and confuse the portrait. Human Nature persuades the male novelist to draw his own picture in bright colours against a sombre background.

"It is up to you to tell the world," he says, "that this youth was greatly misunderstood. Here is your chance to show what fine, generous, ennobling, even seraphic thoughts and moods he had, never properly appreciated by those in whose company he was thrown. You don't need to make him an absolute saint, of course; nobody would believe you if you did. But all his sins were lovable ones, if you remember, and you can afford to touch on them very lightly, smiling all the while.

"That being done for the sake of literary conscience, you can turn, with something like exultation, to his virtues. Ah, what a fine fellow he was—though so few people had the sense to see it! How bravely he fought against adversity! How modestly he bore himself in the rare hours of victory! Put all that in, my friend, and don't forget to pommel the people who were beastly to you—I mean to him."

Adolescent Love.

Then comes the great question of the youth in love. I don't know who invented the term "calf-love," but, in my opinion, it is an ugly and a silly one. It may describe externals, but is wholly false to internals. The first love of a youth for a maid is really a very beautiful thing—if the youth has any merit at all, and quite irrespective of whether the maid has any merit or not. The adoration is all. The self-abnegation is the thing. A youth in love may stand and move like a calf, but his soul is in his eyes for those who can see.

Naturally, he is not fluent. He has no banter. He is tongue-tied in the presence of this ineffable creature he worships. His dialogue, if taken down and reproduced on paper, would look stupid. It should look stupid. By no earthly chance should he ever say a brilliant thing. Nine times out of ten he should not finish the sentence he began.

His torments must be silent. He has no confidant. He is, in fact, cut off from all the rest of mankind. He is on a desert island, always putting out in a small boat to find his adored, and occasionally, very occasionally, finding her. Nobody else matters a rush. Her parents, his parents, her brothers and sisters, his own brothers and sisters—all these people are just mud-banks. You may run foul of them, but that is the only reason for ever recognising their existence.

"Rossenal." Mr. Raymond starts well on his difficult journey. The small boy, David Rossenal, who tries desperately hard to get to sleep before the house is all quiet, so that he may not know the terrors of the night, is true enough. I had great hopes of David from this opening.

David lives with his father, who was not married to David's mother, and the sister of the lady who gave David birth. The father, Sir Gordon Hay, is a "character." He was so much of a character that he made himself rather ridiculous, which tends to spoil the portrait. I can't, somehow, believe in a courtly old gentleman who shouts into a waiter's face, "like the discharge of grape-shot," "May God's Holy Name be praised!" Nor is it funny, though David, for some

obscure reason, had difficulty in suppressing his laughter. Nor am I quite convinced by the same old gentleman taking off his hat to a dog in the street after he had trodden on its tail, and saying gravely: "We really beg your pardon. We trust we have in no way inconvenienced you." I mean, to begin with, the dog would not have waited for this elaborate apology. A dog whose tail has been trodden on, in real life, yelps and scuttles away.

The Schoolboy. David as a schoolboy is good, and that is a genuine achievement. He is not, thank heaven, the average schoolboy of fiction. He has the enormous luck to meet a master who understands him, finds out what he wants to do in life, and has the wit to show him how to do it.

"The love of writing," he tells David, "is the great love of your life. Here is the driving engine. Let's concentrate on that. Where Duty will be powerless, this will force us through. Understand you will never be as great a writer as you might be unless you work hard for the next few years. You may have the love of writing, you may have the gift—I believe you have—but it'll never reach its perfection unless you refine your taste by contact with the literature of the past; unless you stock your mind with the world's greatest ideas, so that paltriness becomes impossible to you; unless you sharpen your natural faculties by exercising them in meta-



GRAND-DAUGHTER OF A FAMOUS HISTORIAN: THE HON. MARIE IMMACULÉE ANTOINETTE, ELDEST DAUGHTER OF LORD ACTON.

The Hon. Marie Acton was born in 1905, and is the eldest of a large family, for she has six sisters and two brothers younger than herself. Her father, Lord Acton, K.C.V.O., is the second Baron, and succeeded to the title in 1902. The late Lord Acton, his father, was Professor of Modern History at Cambridge.—[Photograph by Bassano.]

off the rails. She usually imagines an ideal youth who is tremendously chivalrous, never tires of holding wool for his mother, dashes to open the door for his sisters, and grovels at the feet of his female cousins. The sort of youth, in short, who would be half-killed at any public-school, and finished off at the 'Varsity.

The male novelist has a better chance of success, but he is too apt to select as his hero his own ideal self. Not for one moment would I suggest that Mr. Raymond has done this; I have no knowledge whatever of his personality, or his worldly circumstances, early or modern. I am speaking quite generally when I say that the male novelist who wants to write about male youth turns to memory for his subject-matter.

Do We Know Ourselves? This would be all very well if we really saw ourselves, after youth has passed, as we were at the time. Unwillingly and unconsciously, however, we are bound to



AUTHOR OF A NEW SUCCESSFUL NOVEL, "THE JUDGE": MISS REBECCA WEST.

Miss Rebecca West has already published two previous works, "Henry James" and "The Return of the Soldier." She is also well known as a writer on political and dramatic subjects in the Press.

Photograph by Yvonde.

physics and philosophy; unless you gather in from ten thousand fields of intellectual beauty. . . ."

That rare master set David working, and it was this same rare master who took sufficient interest in him in after life to rescue him from a clerkship at ten shillings a week and get him

[Continued overleaf.]

Should White Marry Half-Caste?



WELL CAST FOR THE HALF-CASTE: MISS MEGGIE ALBANESI, LEADING LADY IN "EAST OF SUEZ."

Mr. Somerset Maugham seems to have set out to prove the truth of Kipling's axiom "East is East and West is West, And never the twain shall meet," for that is the moral of "East of Suez," at His Majesty's. A beautiful half-caste girl, Daisy (magnificently acted by Miss Meggie

Albanesi), is married to an Englishman; but, for all her Western education and her English father, she is of the East, with all its allurements and subtlety. Gradually its power over Daisy asserts itself, and she gives up her attempts to be a European and returns to native dress and habits.

Photograph by Goodwin, on view at the Exhibition of Professional Photography, Prince's Galleries.

Continued.

a job as an assistant-master at a really decent preparatory school.

David as Schoolmaster.

I regret to say that the latter half of the book is not so good as the beginning. Mr. Watkin Wayward, the owner and headmaster of Glendammery, is no more convincing as a portrait than David's father. A headmaster who places a higher value on an assistant after he has allowed a boy to fall from the top of Beachy Head, and because of that, does not ring true.

Then we have Mr. Logan, the other assistant-master. I feel that he is supposed to be funny. His humour consists in playing the clown in church, stepping into people's hats, altering the words of the hymns, and so forth. When I tell you that Mr. Logan's ambition was to take Holy Orders, you will see, I think, that he was not very funny.

Nor can I believe in the meeting of David and his love. The parents of the boy who fell over the cliff arrive at the school, bringing the boy's sister with them. They are so pleased with David that, even while the unfortunate boy is lying on his back in hospital, they give a dinner at the hotel at Eastbourne in David's honour! (I don't often use notes of exclamation, but I must put one to that.)

Least of all can I believe in David actually in love. Youths of nineteen, unless they are very precocious, do not talk to themselves in this way—

"Why does she fly from me? Is it that I trouble her as she troubles me? I believe it is. I like her to be uneasy in my company. She guesses that I am in love with her, and must therefore think about me. Trouble! Logan found the only word. She troubles me. She stirs a hunger that will not be allayed till I clasp her to me, and, turning back her head by pressing that auburn hair, kiss her lips. Even then she will look frightened, and trouble me more. And, long after we are married, something retreating in her will trouble me still. She will trouble me to the end."

"David walked back into the school wondering whether he could afford to buy a suit of a soft, dull brown, and a quiet and creamy yellow waistcoat that should show above the level of his coat."

No. That is where we run off the rails. We can't have young gentlemen thinking to themselves in physiologic periods; nor, at nineteen, persuading the young ladies of their choice to give up smoking cigarettes.

"No, it's not quite so selfish as you think," answered David gently. "It's rather that we want you to have all the beauty, and care nothing about being beautiful ourselves. . . . There's no beauty in smoking."

A pity that the book falls away like that. As I said at the outset, the subject of male adolescence is one of the most difficult any novelist can tackle. Mr. Raymond started bravely enough, but stumbles and faints by the way. He is in good company. Many of

the Great Ones have come croppers over this self-same block.

"Mountain Madness."

"Mountain Madness" sounds like a feminine study in eroticism, but, thank heaven, it is nothing of the kind. It is just a very simply written, straightforward, refreshing, and interesting story of how a girl became an expert climber of Swiss mountains.

"Mountain madness!" she cries. "How easy to come by and how hard to lose! Gladly would I recover me of it, for I hate to go uphill, to be tired and hungry, too hot, too cold. But from these discomforts how can a climber escape?"

Truthfully, of course, she has no desire to

Discomfort is half the charm of mountaineering, and risk is the other half. If all the mountains of Switzerland were fitted with lifts and staircases, nobody would go near them. Mountain-climbers prate about the view from the summit of this or that, but it isn't the view that excites them. It is having, by their own exertions, gained the point from which the view is to be viewed.

There are photographs in this volume of the authoress in every position of discomfort and apparent danger. In each picture, whenever her features are visible, she is grinning with delight. She even breaks into blank verse about it all!

Let us echo the prayer of Jaques for those who talked in blank verse.

"Futility." Mr. William

Gerhardi describes his story as a novel on Russian themes. It is pretty clear that he is having a dig at the Russian novelists, whose simple trick is to repeat the name of the character addressed over and over again. (It goes without saying that there is a samovar in the background. The women must speak in the minor key, and the men in growls.)

"Sit down, Andrei Andreiech," she said. "I am always doing needlework, as you see. . . ."

"I took a chair."

"I do it. . . . It is extraordinary, Andrei Andreiech. I thought I would do it so as not to think, but it's just the very work to make you think. And so I gave it up and began reading in order to forget, in order not to think, and I found, Andrei Andreiech, that I could not read because I had to think. I think all day and night. Ach! Andrei Andreiech."

"And I knew that she was going to confide in me."

"Ach! Andrei Andreiech! Andrei Andreiech! If you only knew. . . ."

"She glanced behind her at the door to make sure that nobody could hear her."

"Ach! Andrei Andreiech!"

"I waited patiently for her to begin."

"She said 'Ach! Andrei Andreiech!' several times more, and then began. She spoke in marks of exclamation."

I am indebted to Mr. William Gerhardi for this admirable burlesque. It was quite time somebody did it. It was high time that somebody exposed the mechanical tricks of the Russian "masters," which have deceived so many excellent people in this country and elsewhere.

Having read this book, or one of the many models, you should take pen and paper,

invent a list of Russian-sounding names, help yourself liberally to dots and notes of exclamation, throw in a couple of samovars, and see how near you can get to the Russian style of literature.

You will probably be surprised at the result. And, unless you are very careful, you will find yourself addressing Anglo-Russian Literary Societies in every part of the kingdom.

Never mind. It's all part of the fun.

Rossenal. By Ernest Raymond. (Cassell; 7s. 6d. net.)

Mountain Madness. By Helen Hamilton. (Collins; 8s. 6d. net.)

Futility. By William Gerhardi. (Cobden-Sanderson; 7s. 6d. net.)



Sir Martin Conway, M.P. at Murren.

PLAYING BRIDGE AT MÜRREN: SIR MARTIN CONWAY, M.P.

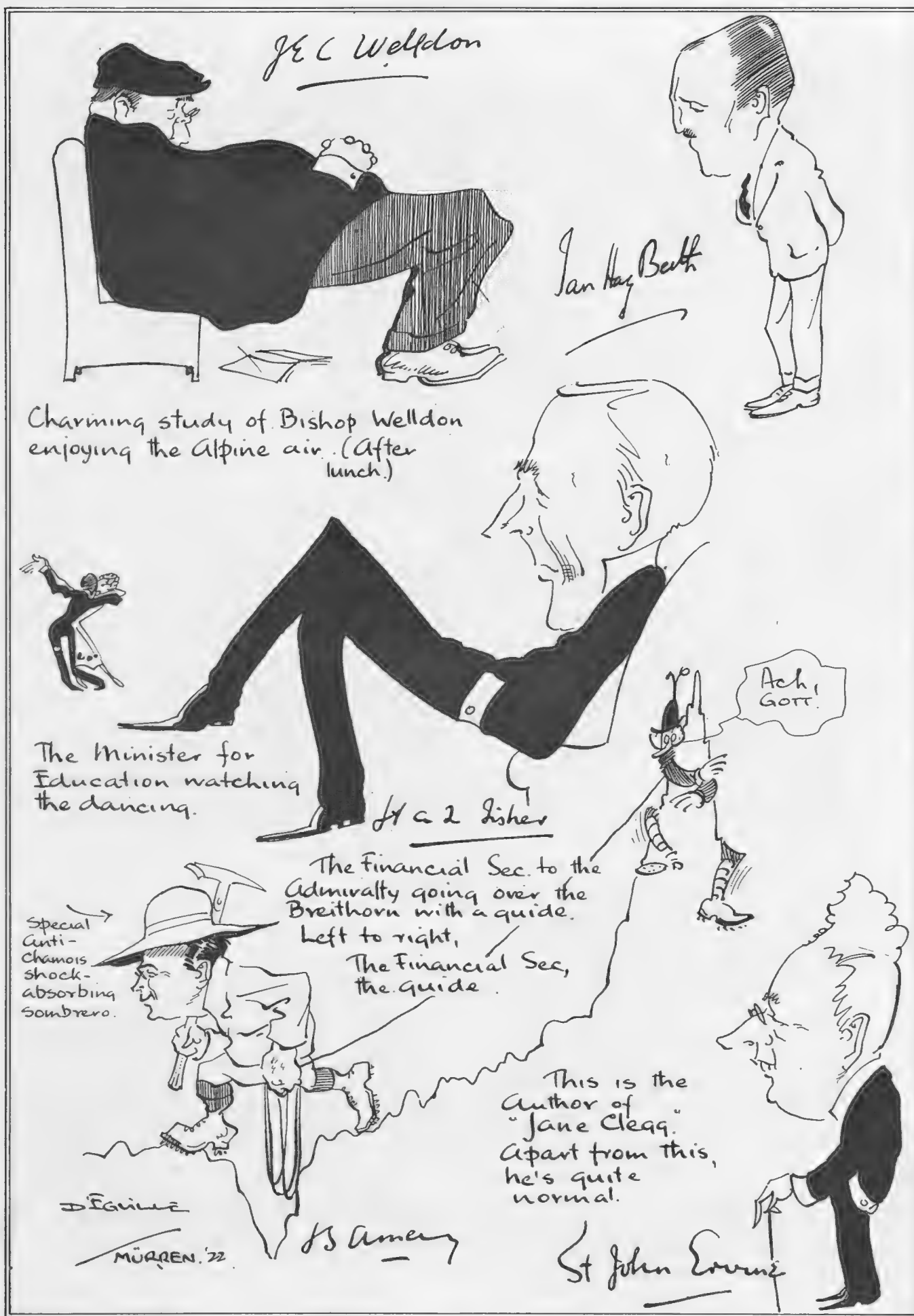
Sir Martin Conway, M.P., who is a Co.U. in politics, is also a great mountaineer, having climbed a 23,000 feet peak in the Himalayas and traversed the Alps from end to end, besides which he has explored Spitzbergen and Tierra del Fuego. His activities are both numerous and varied, and a list of his publications covers over twenty lines of "Who's Who." Our cartoonist has shown him with a bad hand at bridge.

DRAWN BY D'EGVILLE.

escape from any discomforts. When we seek it voluntarily, we all love discomfort. We all hate the discomfort for which we have not bargained, such as the discomfort of hotels, but we love the discomfort of small boats, and tents, and caravans, and meals on the ground.

Why? Because it is getting back to Nature, to be sure, whence we started. Women are always nearer to Nature than men, and that is why they love picnics, which men profess to hate. But get a lot of men together under canvas, with no women present to make them self-conscious, and they are the jolliest creatures imaginable.

Mountain Air for Politicians and Playwrights.



SOME GREAT MEN AT MÜRREN: AS SEEN BY OUR CARICATURIST.

Mürren seems to have been specialising in celebrities this summer, and our cartoonist was able to get quite a bag of them, including St. John Ervine, the well-known playwright and dramatic critic, whose "Jane Clegg" is being produced by

Miss Sibyl Thorndike at the New Theatre; Ian Hay, another celebrated dramatist and author; and members of the Government—Mr. Amery, Parliamentary Under-Secretary of the Colonies; and the President of the Board of Education, Mr. A. Fisher.

DRAWN BY D'EGVILLE.

Fishing, Shooting, and Bathing: Society's Seasonable Pastimes.



DAUGHTER-IN-LAW TO THE FORMER JAPANESE AMBASSADOR: MME. INOUYÉ FISHING.



LANDING AN 18-POUNDER: MRS. J. G. GOULD'S CATCH ON THE RIVER SPEY.



FISHING IN SCOTLAND: PRINCESS SHIMADZU.



HOW GEORGES KEEPS FIT: CARPENTIER DIPPING HIS SMALL DAUGHTER INTO THE SEA AT POURVILLE-SUR-MER.



SOCIETY AND THE STAGE BATHE IN THE THAMES: MISS OZA MARSH, THE MARQUISE DE ROCHER, AND LADY GLERAWLY.



LORD ILLINGWORTH'S SHOOTING PARTY: (L. TO R.) LIEUTENANT-COLONEL E. LUMB, MR. G. WAUD, CAPT. W. THOMPSON, CAPT. DAWSON; (SITTING) LORD ILLINGWORTH, LADY MOND, LADY ILLINGWORTH, SIR ALFRED MOND.

Prince Shimadzu has rented the fine South Esk stretch of salmon river from the Earl of Southesk, and the fishing party includes Major and Mrs. Inouyé, son and daughter-in-law to the Marquis Inouyé.—Mrs. J. G. Gould, a member of the well-known American family, is a keen fisherwoman.—Lord Illingworth has been entertaining a shooting party



AT NORTH BERWICK: (LEFT TO RIGHT) LADY DOROTHY PEPLOE, CAPTAIN PEPLOE, AND MR. AND MRS. HILTON PHILLIPSON (MISS MABEL RUSSELL).

at Denton Park, Yorkshire, and Sir Alfred and Lady Mond were amongst his guests.—Lady Dorothy Peploe is the daughter of the Earl of Darnley, and married Captain Daniel Spencer Peploe, 20th Hussars, in 1916. She and her husband have been staying at Berwick-on-Tweed.—[Photographs by C.N., Photopress, Balmain, S. and G., and Topcal.]

A Family Study.



WITH HER SECOND SON, ANDREW: LADY ELPHINSTONE.

Lady Elphinstone married the sixteenth Baron in 1910, and has two sons—the Hon. John Alexander, Master of Elphinstone, born in 1914; and the Hon. Andrew Charles Victor, born in 1918; and two daughters—the Hon. Mary Elizabeth, born 1911; and the Hon. Jean Constance,

born 1915. Lady Elphinstone is the eldest of the Earl of Strathmore's three daughters. Lord Elphinstone is Deputy Lieutenant for Midlothian, and was appointed Ensign Royal Company of Archers (King's Bodyguard for Scotland) in 1915.

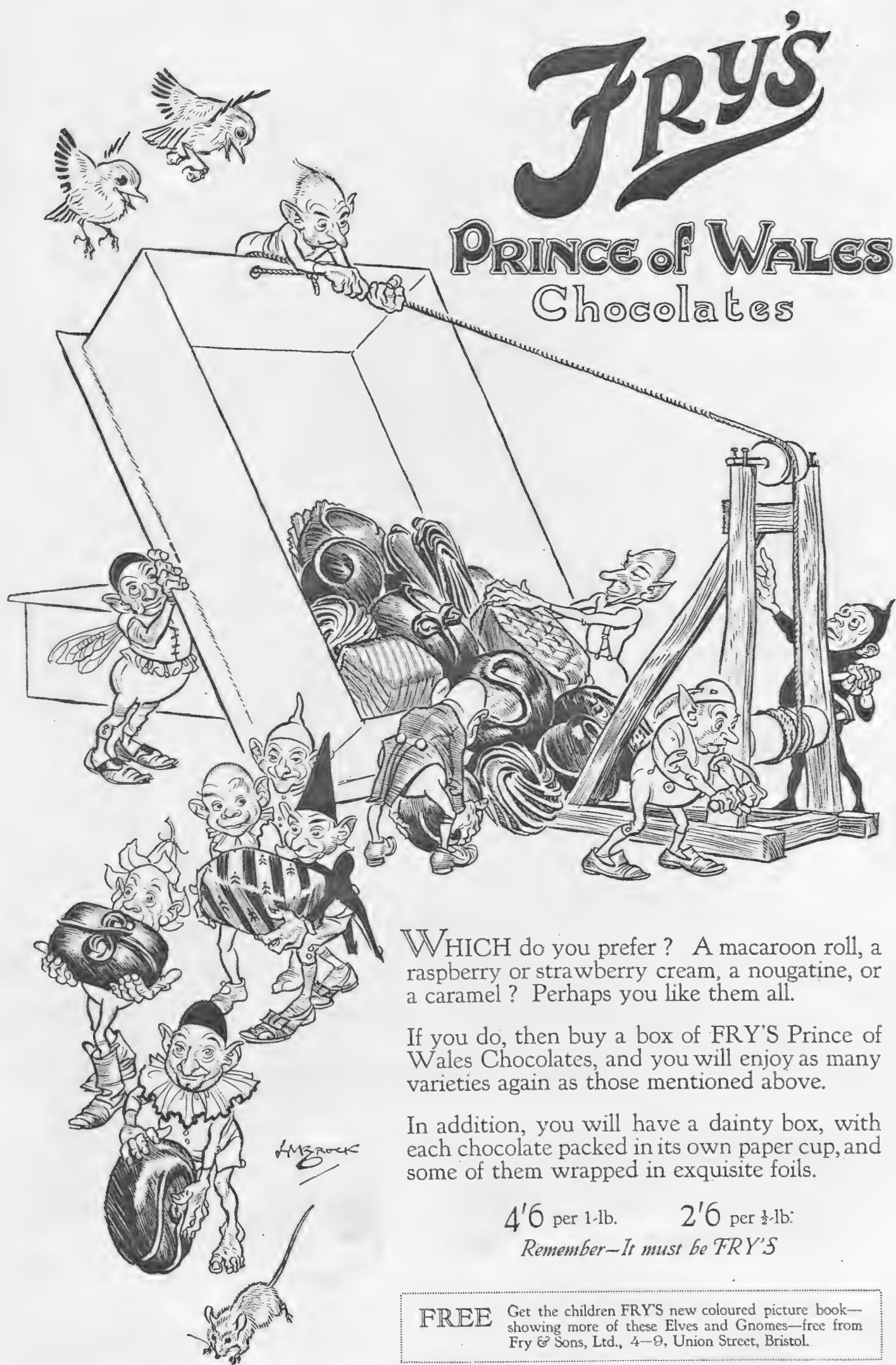
Portrait Study by Marcus Adams, The Children's Studio, 43, Dover Street, W.

"And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or 'a Grace
Of finer form or lovelier 'face."



THE SEA HATH ITS PEARLS.

DRAWN BY ARTHUR WATTS.



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In addition, you will have a dainty box, with each chocolate packed in its own paper cup, and some of them wrapped in exquisite foils.

4'6 per 1-lb.

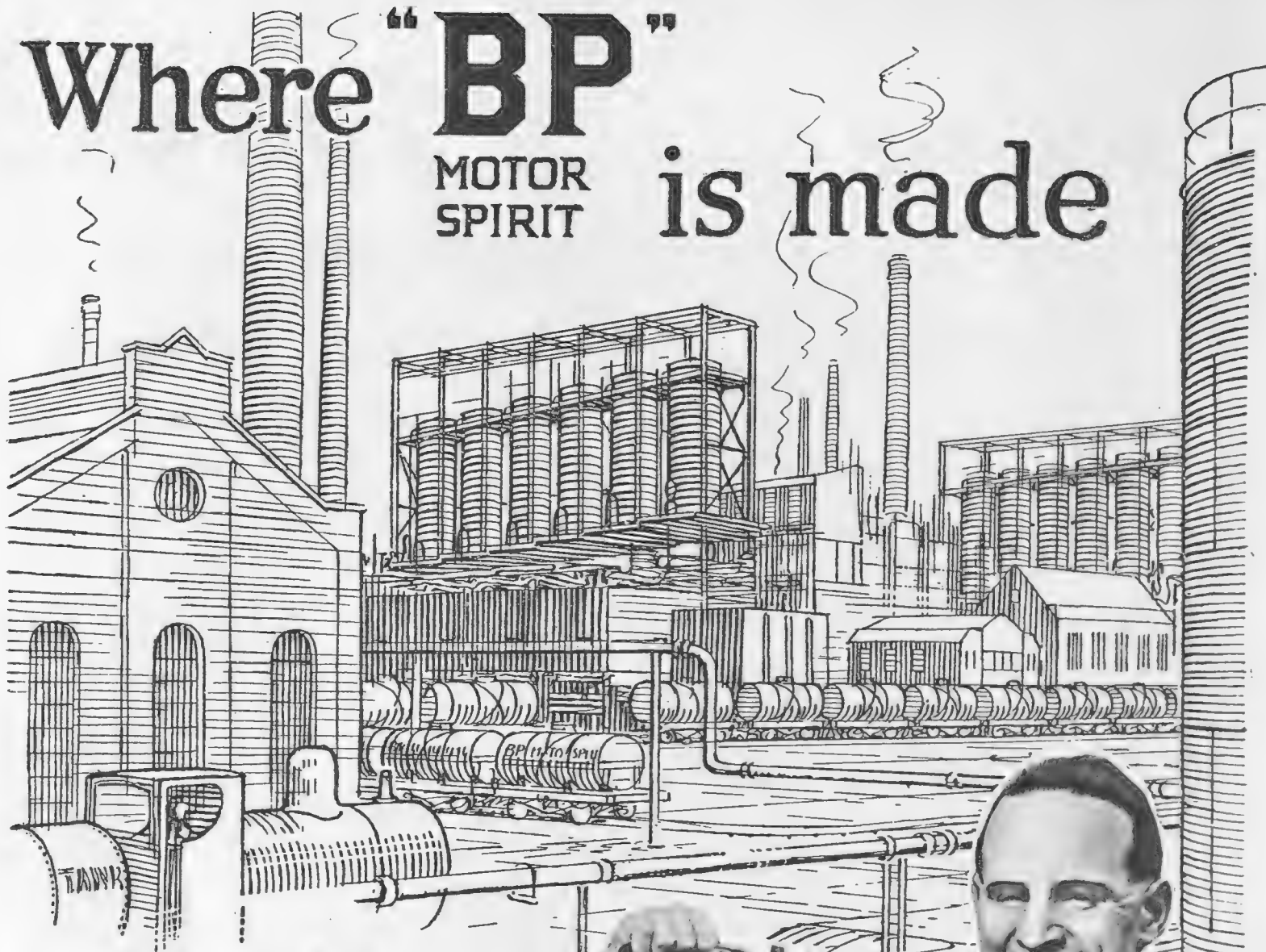
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British Speed Championships.

Owing to the residents in the neighbourhood of the B.A.R.C. motor-racing track at Weybridge objecting to so long a race as the proposed 500-miles event, on account of the long continuance of "roaring" exhausts, the club has abandoned the fixture. In its place, on Sept. 30, the Essex Motor Club propose to run seven races for the motor-car speed championships of Great Britain. It is to be an open event, so that anyone possessing a racing car is eligible to compete; and to avoid risk of accident, each race will be run in heats of not more than three or four competitors, so as to allow ample room for passing and for high speeds. All finishes will be at the Fork, and the starts from that point as well, to avoid using the finishing straight and the turn of the Cobham banking it entails. The winners will receive valuable silver Championship Cups; commemorative medals will go to the drivers of the second and third in each race. The classes for cars in racing trim will be of engine capacity respectively not exceeding 1100 c.c., 1500 c.c., 2000 c.c., 3000 c.c., 4000 c.c., 5000 c.c., and exceeding 5000 c.c.; while no car competing is eligible for more than one class. This is as it should be, as I am not at all sure that the motor industry is benefited by the usual mixing up (under handicaps) at Brooklands of cars of widely different categories, such as the racing Morgan and G.N. competing in races with giants like the Chitty Bang-Bang and twelve-cylinder Sunbeam. It is an invidious comparison when weight is taken into consideration, as the speed of these "gnats" makes the pace of the "giants" appear less wonderful than in fact it really is, so that the public may not always form correct opinions of their merit. In the British Championships the cars will only compete against others of equal cylinder capacity, so that a better comparison will be possible from the results. It is proposed to start racing at eleven o'clock in the morning to run off the preliminary heats, adjourning for luncheon at 1.30 p.m., and resuming with the finals at 2.30 p.m. Handicaps will also be run that afternoon, so as to make competing worth while to the owners of cars defeated in the championship events, and to give them another chance of "lifting a cup" to grace their sideboards. It should be an attractive meeting to the public—and to the trade, with the annual motor show near at hand.

Triplex Glass and Safety.

It seems very extraordinary to me that motor-carriage owners think nothing of spending from £300 to £2000 upon a car, and yet haggle over a couple of sovereigns more or less in insuring themselves from serious injuries should any accident involve broken glass. Personally, I would insist upon having Triplex safety glass fitted to all front and back screens, windows, etc., on every car, motor-omnibus, and motor-coach, if such powers lay in my hands, as the really small extra cost (comparatively) between this and the common glass more than repays the user

when the crucial moment of catastrophe arrives. In ninety-nine out of a hundred smashes the injuries to the passengers and drivers are caused by the sharp edges of the shattered glass. With Triplex fitted such cuts could not take place. Perhaps I had better explain how Triplex glass is made, so that this safety appliance can be better understood, though aviators and racing



PRESIDENT OF THE WILLYS OVERLAND CROSSLEY, LTD.: MR. JOHN N. WILLYS.

Mr. John N. Willys, who has recently been visiting England and looking after his various interests, sailed with his wife and daughter for the United States on the "Aquitania" on September 2.

drivers, who insist upon it in their goggles, realise this thoroughly. The sheets of best white, clear, and even-thickness glass are first chemically cleaned on one surface. Then an adhesive gelatine mixture is poured over these

exerting a pressure of from 90 to 150 tons, and steam-heated so as to warm the glass plates and celluloid while this huge pressure is applied. It then becomes Triplex glass and a homogeneous plate, yet it is impossible to distinguish it in its clearness from ordinary plate-glass. However severe a blow this Triplex glass receives, it never presents a sharp cutting edge at the fracture, as the internal gelatine and celluloid prevent it disintegrating except at a "star," on account of its wonderful resistance of a jelly-like nature. The Great War proved its value, so it is like carrying coals to Newcastle to praise it now. Yet I am surprised to find how small, comparatively, is its general use.

Two Shows Again in November.

As I expected, Olympia extension cannot be finished in time for the annual money-making exhibition of the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, to be held on November 3 to 11 inclusive. So again will the show be divided between the White City and the old Olympia buildings—much to the annoyance of those who cannot get a space at Olympia, and to people like the writer, who have to dodge from one building to the other for ten days in order really to see what they wish. Thank goodness, this is to be the last of these dual shows; but it is a misfortune to the trade and the allied industries that this "doubling" should be compulsory this year. Why it cannot all be held at the White City always puzzles me, as I should fancy Olympia could be sub-let; but there, it is no use wondering why; it has got to be, so we shall all have to make the best of it. But I do hope that this nonsense about "late enemy" cars

will not occur this year—some allowed in and some kept out. For goodness' sake, be consistent. Let 'em all come if they want to, or keep 'em all out, camouflaged or otherwise. How about it, Mr. President? But in any case I do hope all the really new cars will be shown at the forthcoming exhibition, so that we may see if we have really progressed in the last twelve months. I notice that old-timer Mr. Coffield is bringing out a new 12-h.p. Hornsted car (whose design and construction have been personally supervised by "Cupid" L. G. Hornsted, late Captain, and of Brooklands fame) which is foreshadowed as the "greatest value-for-money" proposition. Methinks I have heard that phrase before; still, we are always looking for its realisation, so perhaps, to our surprise, we may find it one day. Also the new Standard



IN THEIR CITROËN COUPÉ DE VILLE: MISS ETHEL LEVEY AND HER HUSBAND (MR. CLAUDE GRAHAM WHITE).

Miss Ethel Levey, the famous revue actress, is the wife of Mr. Claude Graham White, of aviation fame. They are seen here in their 11.4-h.p. Citroën coupé de ville. Miss Ethel Levey appeared last week at the Alhambra.

cleaned surfaces. These sheets of prepared glass are then taken in pairs of the same size, having been already cut to the required shape before being chemically cleaned, and a sheet of white and perfectly transparent celluloid placed between them. At this stage the two panes of glass with their celluloid interleaf are placed in a hydraulic press capable of

11-h.p. cars are now ready, at reduced prices for the 1923 models; while the Cubitt is down £100 in price, yet is stated to be better value than ever. What surprises the show will bring it is difficult to forecast; but it would appear that cars are to be bigger and cheaper. The new 23-60-h.p. Vauxhall, I hear, is doing well in Australia.

Over There!

Looking Backward.

Your holiday reminiscences, if one may venture to remind you of that poignant topic, now that the shadows of the prison-house are beginning to close round you once again, and the 9.15 is resuming its former (and usual) significance in your Scheme of Things—your recollections of the holiday season run mainly on the Superior Family Resort. The sort of place, you know, that keeps a Hall-Porter and Sends to Meet All Trains.

Not That Sort of Resort.

So different from the more meretricious attractions of "The Begonias" (with begonia) and "Sea-View" (without sea-view). *Laud-abunt alii* the sort of place that these are. With young men and maidens clustering like roses round the door, and a devastating blast of eggs-and-bacon that sweeps the Front at 8.55 precisely (so that the early breakfasts may be in time to catch the 9.24 to Town—and, thank goodness it is generally a few minutes late in from Ditchwater.)

The Superior Family Resort.

But far, far other-wise is the Superior Family Resort—from the shrubs in its rather self-conscious garden to the vivid gilding of the weathercock with which it announces an approaching South-West Gale (and it has been rather good at South-West gales this summer). Even the architecture of the place has a faintly pretentious air. But it is not one little half so pretentious as the inhabitants.

A Car and An Air.

You know them all by heart, if you have ever set foot in a south-bound train in a crowded London terminus. Beginning with the superior lady, her two daughters (spinst: as the Census says), and their car. They had an Air. And there was some foundation for it; because, if they did not come over with the Normans, they did at least come over with a large Wolseley. And in the Lounge of nights they sat a little apart, exquisitely aloof, in case they should make friends with anybody and have to ask them to go for a drive in it.

The Umballa Brigade.

Less exclusive, but almost as aloof to the outward eye, was the Anglo-Indian family that sat at the large table in the corner. We all had a good look at their luggage when they arrived by the 3.18

(there was always a little cluster of artless spectators round the door at about 3.26); and we all noticed—the bright lady from Chertsey said it quite aloud—that it had an enviably weather-beaten air. It suggested, even at the first glance, those P. and O. specials and *dāk* (pronounced to rhyme with "squawk") bungalows which are to figure so largely in our recollections of their owners' conversation. The men of the Anglo-Indian cantonment kept themselves curiously—

exhilarating. But we felt that it gave us tone, that we were *Sahibs*, that a part of the British *Raj* had said good-morning to us rather disapprovingly when we came down late to breakfast, and offered us the least reliable of the filigree chairs in the summer-house. It seemed a little chilling at the time—and we were rather glad to get a warmer nod from the questionable lady with three shades in her hair—but it was the Real Thing. They were far too dull to be anything else.

The Reputed Pint.

Then there were the rest of us—the reputed honeymoon couple and the reputed pint—as the quiet, rather too quiet old gentleman came to be known. And the two families who came from next door to each other in Wimbledon and sat at a large table together in the dining-room. And so on, until one has enumerated the full and varied social inventory of a Superior Family Resort, with incandescent gas and inclusive terms. They migrated at considerable expense and more inconvenience from their relatively well-appointed homes. And in the Resort they settled down to spend a happy month.

Taking the Plunge.

They spent it principally on the little strip of foreshore round the bathing huts. Sometimes they were on the landward side of these structures—and then their faces bore an anxious, watchful expression, as of men wondering how in the world the woman with the red bathing-cap could manage to take so long to insert herself into the manifestly inadequate clothing which she favoured. And sometimes—ah! those were the good times—they were standing nervously on the seaward side of the huts, pecking nervously at the shingle with their toes, and wondering when their particular domestic responsibility is going to emerge—like, or perhaps not particularly like, Achilles from his tent. Then comes the short—but

to the sufferer how long, oh Lord, how long—journey to the sea, when the snowline mounts from the ankles to the knees, and from the knees to the elbows, and then the sharp and inevitable plunge under water. That, and the long, cold swim that follows, are the central moment of the long seaside day, the *raison d'être* of the Family Resort, the Englishman's heritage, the pride of Britain—and not half so bad after all.



NONA OF THE FILMS: MISS ANN FORREST, WHO PLAYS LADY TYBAR IN THE SCREEN VERSION OF "IF WINTER COMES."

Miss Ann Forrest, the beautiful Danish film star, is playing the part of Nona (Lady Tybar) in the Fox film version of Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson's novel, "If Winter Comes." In the stage version, this part is taken by Miss Marie Polini (Mrs. Owen Nares).

Photograph by Nikolas Muray.

almost Orientally—aloof from their women-kind. They puffed unnaturally hard at rather stumpy little pipes, read papers with an air of settled gloom, and said curt things between their teeth to one another about Umballa and Lahore.

Real Sahibs.

But a few of us got to know. And we were a little inclined to boast about it to the others. The experience was not particularly

EARLY AUTUMN FASHIONS.



A LINCOLN BENNETT VELOUR HAT.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ELWIN NEAME



Try this Dressing on Lobster Salad

BOIL two eggs hard and rub the yolks with two boiled potatoes through a wire sieve; add a little salt, a teaspoonful of dry mustard and two dessert-spoonfuls of white sugar. Mix these smoothly with one tablespoonful of cold water.

The next step is to impart the appetising zest which gives this dressing its particular value and distinction—therefore, add a good dessert-spoonful of Lea & Perrins' Worcestershire Sauce, and mix in gradually three tablespoonfuls of tarragon vinegar. When all is well mixed, add slowly a quarter of a pint of cream, stirring well.

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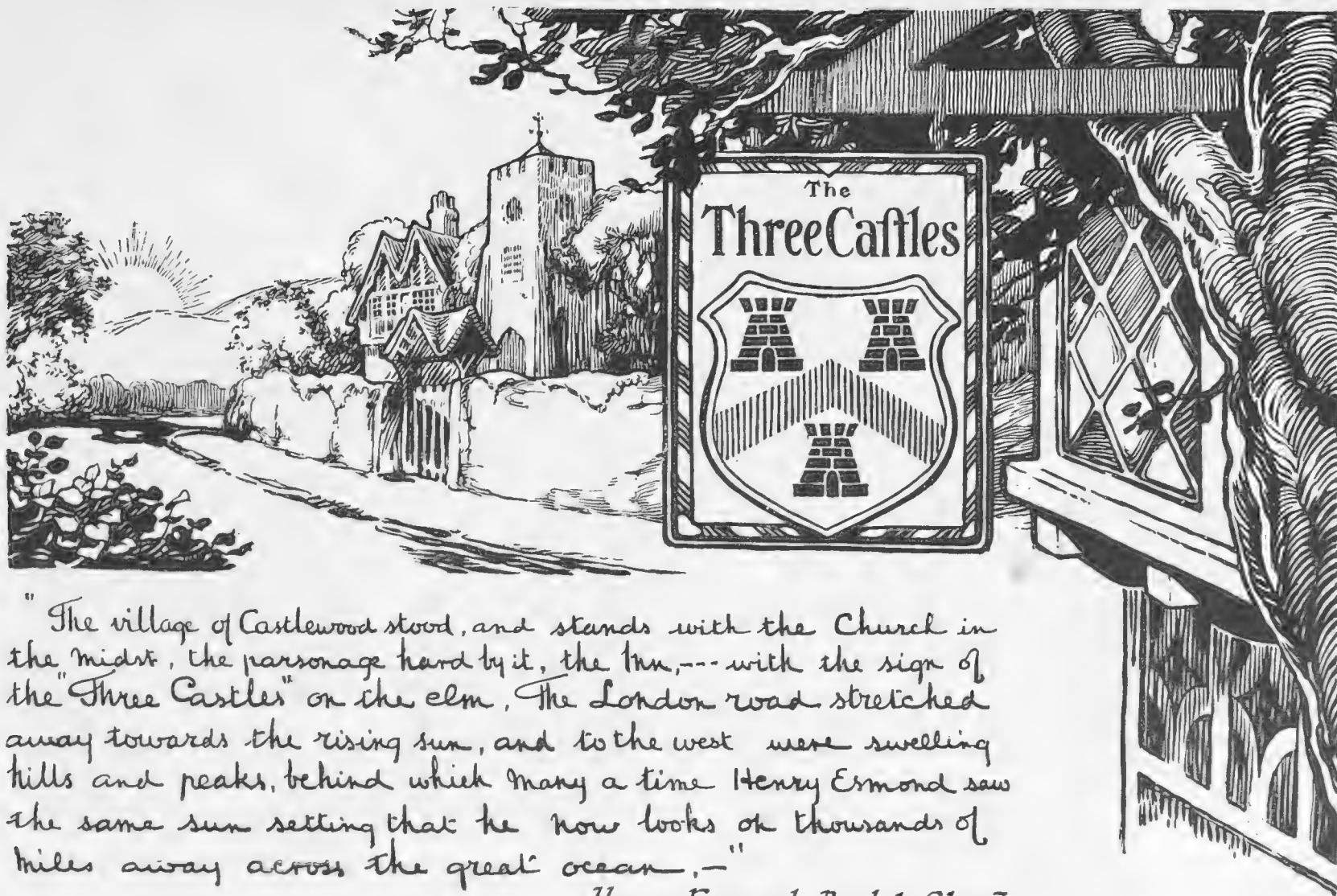


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Henry Esmond, Book 1. Chap 3.

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RUTH

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P. 44

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P. 40

P. 51.—Attractive **FROCK** in ivory or coloured georgette. Skirt and bodice finished with tiny tucks. Georgette flower at waist.

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P. 51

P. 112.—The "**FORDHAM**" **KILTIE**.—A smart and practical Woollen Stockinette Frock and Bloomers, made in the following colours:—Navy, Brown, Purple, Emerald, Copper, Lemon, White, Cherry, Saxe, Sky.



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WOMAN'S

WAYS

By Mabel Howard.

Fabrics for the Autumn.

Since Fashion has decreed that clothes are to alter little in form this autumn, the great artists in dress have applied the full force of their inventive faculties to the creation of new and attractive fabrics. Jacquard, a stamped velours, and matalassé, a close braid ornamentation imposed on a thick crêpe-de-Chine ground, are two materials which will be much in evidence for the composition of long coats and wraps. Zenana cloth—particularly under its latest guise, soie chouquette, which has the advantage of being considerably lighter—will rank high in favour; and a variety of creased fabrics, such as washed satin, blistered silk, and cloqué (an artistically crushed satin-faced material) are assured of a triumphant career in the world of fashion this season. A brilliant future can also be predicted for the latest arrival—suzette, a soft, fine material resembling georgette in texture, which has borrowed the silken gleam of crêpe-de-Chine.

Dresses for the Small Girl.

There is something delightfully fresh and charming about white dresses for small maidens; and of all fabrics, net, the material chosen by Derry and Toms, High Street, Kensington, for the little frock pictured on this page, is the lightest and most youthful-looking. Four rows of gathered tucks form attractive ruffles on each side of the short skirt, and they also make their appearance in lesser numbers round the neck and on the short sleeves. The sash is of blue satin ribbon, terminating on each side in a little ruche, and connected by a strand of rosebuds. The love of pretty frocks wakes early in some small girls; and why should it not be gratified when the cost of such a sweet dress, which will wash beautifully, is only 29s. 6d. for a twenty-inch size? Another becoming frock of the same material is carried out in pink, with a round collar at the back which widens to a deep point in front—24s. 9d. is the price for a small size. Yet another attractive line to be seen in the juvenile



A lovely christening robe of cream net, filet lace, and hand embroidery, which owes its creation to Marshall and Snelgrove's, Oxford Street.

department consists of little woolly tunics and knickers, in white, cream, blue, and other suitable shades, ornamented with gold silk bands, and priced at 19s. 6d.

Beautiful Robes for Baby.

It really seems a pity that baby's artistic sense is not sufficiently developed at the christening age to let him appreciate the beauty of the robes he wears on this auspicious occasion. Babies' long-clothes lend themselves particularly well to delightful treatment in the way of fabric and ornamentation:

a fact that is entirely wasted on the infant wearer, though it may please the proud mother. Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, have chosen cream net, decorated with insertions of hand-made filet lace, for the lovely christening robe sketched on this page. A flower-trail pattern, exquisitely embroidered in silk, is the connecting link between the motifs of lace let in just above the hem; and the foundation of the frock is a slip of crêpe-de-Chine which is unattached and will wash excellently. The christening hood to accompany the robe is composed of innumerable rows of narrow Valenciennes insertion joined together; and at the back of the bonnet is embroidered the delightful emblem of a love-bird. The baby-lover will find the salon set apart for baby linen a veritable palace of delight, for it can supply every need of his Majesty the Baby, from beautiful hand-made underclothing to elaborate cot-fittings.

Suits for the Little Man.

In justice, more care should really be spent on choosing attractive clothes for a little boy than over the selection of his small sister's dresses, for whereas she will progress from beautiful frock to yet more beautiful frock all her days, it is only during the first ten years of his life that he can wear pretty garments. Gorrings', 55, Buckingham Palace Road, have a delightful selection of suits for little boys, one of which is illustrated at the foot of the page. White crêpe-de-Chine makes the little shirt with its dainty ruffles at neck, fastening and wrists; while the short trousers are of saxe-blue woven silk, and are decorated with a band of drawn-thread work on either leg. Another charming suit consists of a heavy lemon silk smock with orange collar and cuffs, and yellow trousers of the same material attached to a slip bodice.



A dainty little frock of white net—designed for small maidens, by Derry and Toms', High Street, Kensington.



A white crêpe-de-Chine ruffled shirt is chosen by Gorrings', Buckingham Palace Road, to accompany the saxe-blue silk trousers.

[Continued overleaf.]

WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

A Lovely Costume.

A woollen corduroy is really the only adequate explanation that can be given of the delightful new fabric which is employed for the composition of the beautiful costume from Harrods', Knightsbridge, sketched at the top of the page. It is most attractive in appearance, and, in this instance, is expressed in a light shade of beige. Narrow bands of self-coloured braid, set off by a background of nigger velours cloth, ornament the straight-cut jacket of the costume, which obeys the new edict of the slightly indented waist-line. A noticeable feature is that the braid shoulder-sashes, instead of terminating at the edge of the pulled-coney hem-trimming, continue to hold their own, and pass over the fur, to double under and disappear beneath the hem. The same process is repeated at the back, and where the long shoulder-straps and the belt intersect, the strands are cleverly woven into a close square of braid. Effective, too, are the loose sleeves; the braid and pulled-coney alliance with which they are edged is so loath to disappear when it has completed the circle of the cuffs that it takes the liberty of running a little way up the sleeves. Braid supports the outside of the convertible collar, while the inside is lined with the soft fur. The skirt is narrow and simply cut, but an air of distinction is added by a panel-like arrangement of bands in which the lines of the fabric run in the opposite direction. These closed panels run down the entire length of the skirt, and correspond in position with the braid shoulder-sashes.



Pulled coney and beige silk braid ornament this lovely costume from Harrods', Knightsbridge.

Evening Gowns There is a noticeable increase in the vogue for evening wear in which white decoration is employed to relieve the sombreness of a black foundation. Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, have given most artistic expression to this fashion by means of the lovely gown sketched on the left. Black crêpe marocain is the fabricating medium, and the patterns with which it is decorated are produced by a novel partnership of narrow white silk braid and white beading. Decidedly, long sleeves will maintain their position as an important characteristic of almost every gown this winter, and in the case in question, they reach almost to the hem. This unusual length may be forgiven on the grounds that they are really extremely attractive, as they are of black georgette, lined from elbow-level downwards with white. The slant of the decoration near the hem gives the effect of an uneven panel, and the rather full skirt is cleverly gathered into the narrower bodice in order to produce a faintly marked waist-line.

A Cure for Sunburn.

No one would deny that a sunburned complexion can look delightfully healthy and attractive while the owner is enjoying a summer holiday by the sea. Like everything else, however, the charm of tan depends on suitability of surroundings, and the deep brown tone which is so effective during the summer months—and which, incidentally, takes some time to wear off—becomes a sore

trial during the autumn and early winter, when the unfortunate sun-worshipper must appear in full evening dress with an absurd "V" printed on her white neck, or allow a sleeveless frock to disclose arms that have freckled unbecomingly. It will interest many women who suffer from freckles or sunburn to know that Mme. Helena Rubinstein, the well-known beauty specialist, of 24, Grafton Street, Bond Street (opposite Hay Hill), has evolved a Valaze bleaching cream which will eradicate the surface discoloration of the skin; as well as a Valaze freckle cream, which acts directly on the pigment under the skin and can be relied on to remove freckles and deep discolorations. These creams can be applied at home; but if it is desirable to hasten the cure, a course of treatment should be taken at Mme. Rubinstein's salons. During October, the celebrated Dr. Voronoff, renowned for his successful monkey-gland operations, will be in attendance for æsthetic surgery.

Braid and Gabardine.

In every imaginable hue and width—braid. As a trimming, decoration or binding—braid. On morning dresses, evening gowns, costumes and afternoon frocks—still braid! Really, there seems no end to the capacities in which the ingenious dress-designers have employed braid. It is certainly the most fashionable form of ornamentation in existence at the present moment, and it is therefore no wonder that those artists in dress, Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, should have utilised braid as the sole decoration of the navy-blue gabardine coat-frock pictured on this page. Close-lying strands of white silk braid run horizontally down the two panels which form the back and front of the dress; and, to add variety, their course is occasionally interrupted by bands of material in which the lines run obliquely or crossways. The waist-line is unnoticed by the straight cut of the frock itself, and owes its presence to the flexible gold snake which forms the belt. Against the absolute simplicity of the dress, which depends for distinction on the perfection of the cut, the snake belt strikes a strange, Oriental note, and is decidedly effective.



A flexible gold snake belt relieves the severity of this straight-cut coat-frock from Harvey Nichols', Knightsbridge.



Debenham and Freebody's, Wigmore Street, have allied fascinating georgette sleeves of unusual length to a striking evening gown of black crêpe marocain.

[Continued on page xvi.]

The School Age

MANY persons first regard "ROWE" School Clothing as a rather expensive luxury. In rapidly increasing numbers, however, they are *proving* for themselves that our garments, though perhaps costing a little more than those of inferior craftsmanship, pay for that extra cost in unusual satisfaction and prolonged service.

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WOMAN'S WAYS. By Mabel Howard. Continued.

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An Opportunity for Housewives. No good housewife should miss the unique opportunity offered her by the Nation's Food Exhibition at Olympia of obtaining an insight into the latest inventions and improvements in food produce. Recent

occurrences have shown that the subject is not one that can be neglected, and even the undomesticated woman will find much to



A transformation from the Maison Nicol, 170, Old Bond Street. A product of art indistinguishable from the handiwork of Nature.

interest her among the hundreds of artistically arranged stalls to be seen in the great hall. Every conceivable variety of food is represented, from the more staple articles of diet such as bread, milk, porridge, and biscuits, to lighter matters, such as sweets and chocolates. It is undeniable that women have a weakness for anything with an artistic exterior; and when that is combined with real excellence the result is irresistible, so that a stall that ranks high in feminine favour is that of the Chantecler Liqueur chocolates, which form a most attractive show when displayed in their tempting, bright-coloured wrappers.

An Excellent Sauce. Lea and Perrins' sauce, the original Worcestershire brand which has been

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Take a good dose of **Carter's Little Liver Pills**—then take 2 or 3 for a few nights after. They cleanse your system of all waste matter and **Regulate Your Bowels**. Mild—as easy to take as sugar. Genuine bear signature—*Bentley*

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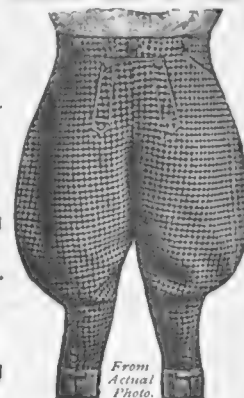
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"HALLZONE" IDEAL
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The most Practical and Distinctive Habit obtainable. Side Saddle Habit from £13 13 Civil & Sporting Costumes fr. £8 8

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MODERN HOME EXHIBITION

The re-opening of this popular Exhibition on Monday last proved once again how keen an interest the Public takes in all matters pertaining to Domestic Science.

CONTINUING DAILY 9 TO 6

Many new and inexpensive furnishing schemes, numbering over a score, are displayed round the spacious Palm Lounge, and some very attractive and novel features have been added. Labour-

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A visit to inspect the latest Models for Autumn and Winter wear will prove well worth the while, whilst the charm of the new colourings will appeal to all discerning tastes.



"CARNOUSIE."

Finest quality Austrian Velour. Beautifully soft and pliable. Can be arranged into a variety of charming shapes. Trimmed Silk Ribbon band and bow. In all the new season's colourings,

45/9

The becoming line of this Sports Model is characteristic of all Swan & Edgar's millinery. Comparison of the price reveals the exceptional value.

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CHILDREN'S CLOTHES

Our Children's Department is one of the most interesting sections of our business, and we have a world-wide reputation for the dainty and exclusive character of all our productions. Every garment is designed by our own expert, and made on the premises by our own workers from high-grade materials that we can recommend with every confidence.

USEFUL COAT (as sketch) for little boy in navy nap cloth smartly piped with red silk and warmly lined.

In size for 2 years.	Price	89/6
" " " 3 "	"	94/6
" " " 4 "	"	99/6
" " " 5 "	"	5 Gns.

CAP to match piped in red and trimmed navy ribbon ... 39/6

This model can be copied in other materials specially to order.

Debenham & Freebody

Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London. W. 1



Catalogue post free.



I'm feelin' fine, I'm prood tae say
An' free frae ony ills,
Aye in quid fettle ilka day
Thanks be tae —
Beecham's Pills

Ranee Pearls

Read this!

19th July, 1922.

Dear Sirs,

Some time ago I bought a 'Ranee' Pearl Necklace from you. I had it valued out of curiosity and the valuation was £1,200. I feel I ought to tell you this

Clasp No. 19 - 5/6
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'The Book of the Ranee Pearl' sent free



Indistinguishable from REAL

Such are the perfect contour, flawless iridescence and subtly-changing hues of Ranee Pearls that even the most expert, at closest quarters, can scarcely detect that they are anything but the Costliest Oriental Pearls. Send for a selection on approval.

RANEE PEARL NECKLETS

with paste clasp; ruby, sapphire, emerald, diamond or pearl centre.

'A' QUALITY

SUPER QUALITY

Length 16 inches 3 Gns
" 24 inches 5 Gns
" 30 inches 7 Gns

Length 16 inches 4 Gns
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Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge



Smart and Distinctive

FURS

at Summer Prices

Blue dyed Kitt Fox Wrap, made from 4 extra large carefully-selected super-quality skins of a most exquisite soft shade of blue grey, lined best quality silk.

Price

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WONDERFUL VALUE IN HANDKERCHIEFS.

Pure linen hemstitched handkerchiefs, excellent for school use. Per doz. 4/11

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NEW HATS OF EXCLUSIVE DESIGN FOR GIRLS' WEAR



CHARMING HAT of gathered taffeta or velvet, lined with contrasting colour and trimmed with coloured silk tassel. In blue with cherry, black with beaver, and brown with copper.

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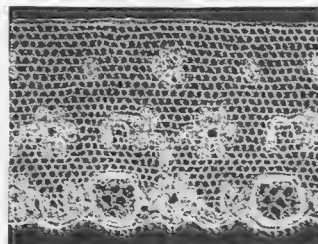
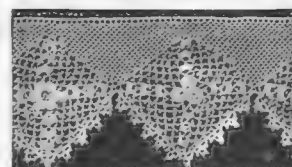
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LINGERIE, LACES, REAL IRISH CROCHET, POINT de PARIS, FILET, REAL FLEMISH, ETC.

Selections on approval.



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Underclothing and Baby Garments we send a most unique and interesting

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Finest Embroideries, Laces and Materials, which will be found useful and instructive. It is advisable and economical to use only the best materials and trimmings.

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A charming variety of everything needful for Baby. Robes, Gowns, Cloaks, Pellisses, Christening Robes, Cots and Baskets, etc.

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Miss Annette Benson in her "L.B." Felt.

Photo by Arbuthnot.

For the Row.

No. 725

Made in various fittings, in a good range of "habit" colours.

Soft Felt Riding Hat, extra stout weight, silk lined throughout - - **42/-**

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Supreme

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From all Stationers, Drawing Material Dealers and Stores.

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6^d

EACH

The Perfect Pencil.

ATTRACTIVE STRIPED ALPACA WOOL CARDIGAN

WE have now in stock an immense variety of new and exclusive Sports Coats, Dresses, and Skirts, suitable for holiday and early Autumn wear, of which sketch is a typical example.

Smart and exclusive good quality striped Alpaca Wool CARDIGAN in various contrasting stripes.

Price
52/6

All-wool ribbed Cashmere, point seaming, in black, grey, brown, navy, champagne, suede, nigger, fawn.

6/6 per pair.



MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

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How to Look & Feel Your Best.

To have a fresh, healthy and beautiful complexion must be the wish of all women, and this can be accomplished with a little care and trouble. The cause of lined and drooping faces is the weakening of the muscles and the loss of the natural oil of the skin.

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Writing on Infant Feeding, one Doctor says that he has prescribed Benger's Food for Infants ever since it was introduced; that was nearly 40 years ago.

BENGER'S Food

Few Foods have so withstood the test of time, but Benger's Food has spread throughout the world by the constant recommendation of those who have used it and medical men who know its value.

Benger's Food differs from all other Infant Foods in being specially prepared to adjust fresh cow's milk or milk and water to the delicate digestion of an infant.

Benger's Food is sold in Tins by Chemists, etc., everywhere. Prices 1/4, 2/3, 4/- & 8/6.
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The guide to safe buying is the "D" on the button or the word "Dent's" inside the glove.



Ask to see
Dent's Reindeer Gauntlets.

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The variable length of skirt demands footwear that is elegant and chic. The model depicted is supple and light, yet durable. The refined cut and finish are essential to good style.

"A
Shoe of
Beauty
and a
Joy to Wear."

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SEMI-SPORTS MODEL
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WALKING SHOE
Rolled Silver or Gold Buckle
Also made in willow calf, box calf, Russia calf, real crocodile, real lizard, real doeskin, in beige, grey, nigger and white.

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Mr. Jingle pacifies Dr. Slammer.

Mr. Jingle: "Ah!—Slammer—much obliged—polite attention—not ill now, Slammer—but when I am—knock you up—try one Sharp's Super-Kreem—good stuff—very!"

"Won't? Well don't! Gent passed me yesterday—knocked into me—hat fell off—his, of course—trod on it—accident—quite. Fiery temper—raging passion—nearly burnt me—gave him a Super-Kreem Toffee—water on the flame—apologies—parted great friends—good stuff—very!"

"You will? That's better. Tried it often—never failed me. Introduction? Certainly! Dr. Slammer—my friends Tupman and Sir Kreemy Knut—popular knight—very! Try another handful—shop round corner—buy a tin—told lots of people—all say same—grand sweet, Sharp's Super-Kreem, very!"

Sold loose by weight **8d. per ½ lb.** or in 4-lb. decorated tins—also in 1/1, 1/6 and 2/9 tins.

E. SHARP & SONS, LTD., MAIDSTONE.

We are exhibiting at
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hibition, to be held
at Olympia, London,
Sept. 6—26.
Our Stand is No. 60.

FASHIONABLE Knitted Woollen SUITS At Special Prices

This attractive and useful Knitted Woollen Suit has been designed for the coming Season, and is made from good quality yarn, with stripes of artificial silk in self colours. It is very becoming, and is especially suitable for holiday or early Autumn wear.

KNITTED WOOLLEN SUIT (as sketch), made from best quality yarn with stripes of artificial silk in self colours. Coat with roll collar and new wide sleeves, skirt on elastic at waist; bound silk braid to match. In a large range of new shades.

PRICE

6 Gns.

Sent on approval.

FURS AT SUMMER PRICES.

Until the end of September all Furs will be marked at special Summer Prices. Fur Renovations and Remodelling should be put in hand at once. The new Winter models are now in stock, and can be copied.

Debenham & Freebody.
(DEBENHAM LIMITED)
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London, W.1



Catalogue post free.



NEW AUTUMN SUITS FOR SMALL WOMEN'S WEAR.

THE Suit illustrated will be found in our Small Women's Department, which is situated on the Second Floor. In this Department will be found a large selection of Coat Frocks, Day and Evening Gowns and Odd Skirts, all of which have been scientifically cut so as to render unnecessary the large alterations that are usually required to secure a satisfactory fit.

Coat and Skirt for small women's wear in good quality velour cloth or gabardine; coat cut on simple, becoming lines, finished with belt and embroidery to tone; plain, well-cut skirt, in a large range of colours.

Price
9½ Gns.

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VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
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Sent on approval.

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge.

LADIES' RELIABLE HOSE AT STRICTLY MODERATE PRICES.



Super-quality all-wool Cashmere Hose, delightfully soft and excellent in wear, with embroidered silk clox, in putty, coating, grey, nigger, and smoke. Per pair **6/11**

Holeproof Silk Hose with Lisle feet and tops in champagne, putty, suède, mole, tan, brown, nigger, silver, grey, smoke, black, and white. Per pair **8/6**
3 pairs for 25/- Coupons given with every purchase of 3 pairs.

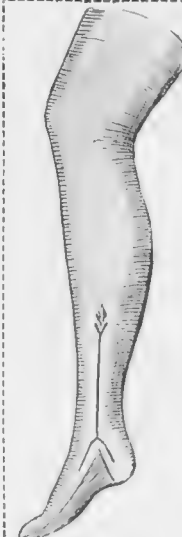
Wide-ribbed all-wool Hose, strengthened feet, and wide garter tops, in putty, mole, suède, coating, drab, covert, tan, nigger, purple, saxe, or black. Per pair **9/6**

Heavy quality ribbed Lisle Hose, reinforced feet, and specially recommended for hard wear, in champagne, mole, coating, silver, grey, tan, nigger, black and white. Per pair **9/6**

Wide-ribbed Scotch wool Hose, made from specially selected yarn, and reliable in wear. In black, fawn, brown, grey; also mixtures of nigger, white, fawn, and white. Per pair **8/11**

Heavy Pure Silk Hose (as sketch), with Lisle feet and tops, specially recommended for hard wear, in silver, grey mole, putty, coating, tabac, tan, nigger, black, and cream. Per pair **9/11**

Super-quality all-wool Sports Hose, specially spliced feet and fully fashioned in grey, fawn, mole, brown, grounds, with check design in contrasting colours. Per pair **21/9**



Heavy quality Mercerised Lisle Hose (as sketch), specially strengthened feet, suitable for town or country wear; embroidered silk clox, in grey, pearl, mole, putty, beaver, tan, nigger, black, and white. Per pair **6/6**

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IT'S THE CREAMIEST CUSTARD

and this delightful quality is what makes it such an improvement on the ordinary custard. Delicious, tempting, economical, easily prepared, it makes an ideal dish with the fruits of the season. Try a package to-day.

Reduced Prices: Family Tins 11½d. Family Packets 9½d. Small Packets 4d. 1½d & 1d.



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Are of unusual quality and exquisitely and originally perfumed "Chaminade," "June Roses," "Mystérieuse," "Sérénade," "Nocturne," "Yesha," etc.

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HIMROD'S CURE FOR ASTHMA
AT ALL CHEMISTS
4s. 6d. a tin



If Women were Cats-

they could see in the dark. But as they are not, the new Lytup hand-bag is as useful as it is fashionable.

Satin Bag, Brocade Panel, imitation Ivory Frame, silk linings in assorted colours.

£3 13s. 6d.



Carved Seccoid Frame. Printed Chiffon Velvet. Lined Blue Silk.

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As you open it, a tiny electric bulb switches on, enabling you to sort out your money and other belongings, or to make use of the mirror fitted inside. The wee bulb doesn't make the bag bulky—it's light as a feather and yet light as day.

DUNHILL'S
LYTUP
HANDBAGS

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AN EARLY AUTUMN HAT FOR THE MOORS AND SPORTS WEAR

This latest idea is carried out in a splendid quality of French Velour Plush trimmed narrow band and a bow at side. Very flexible and easy fitting.

The following colours are in stock. Cedar, Tan, Gray, Mauve, Royal, Jade, Tomato, Cerise, Biscuit, Saxe, White, and Black,

35/6

Post Free to any address in British Isles

PETTIGREW & STEPHENS Ltd.
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It's Really Wonderful how we can renovate your LAST YEAR'S VELOUR, FELT OR BEAVER HAT

No matter how shabby it looks, we can renovate and reshape it to the most fashionable Autumn shape. Just roll up your hat with your name and address stitched inside the crown, and we will forward our Catalogue of over a hundred shapes to choose from, and tell you what the cost will be. If you prefer, send postcard for Catalogue first.

In sending to us you are dealing with the Original and Largest Hat Renovating Firm in the Kingdom.

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We also reno-
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Soft Felt, Vel-
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Felt Bowlers.

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OVERCOAT weather comes all too quickly as the Summer wanes. Are you prepared to meet it? You cannot afford to take a chill for the want of warmer garments. Those you have will serve you well again if you send them at once to

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The Cleaners and Dyers
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Their skilful crafts-
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This charming Teafrock is made from rich quality chiffon velvet. It is graceful and becoming, and adapted from one of the newest and most exclusive French models. An ideal garment for Country House wear.

YOUNG LADIES' TEAFROCK (as sketch) in rich quality silk chiffon velvet, lightly embroidered with gold thread, long hanging sleeves of georgette to match, inset belt which forms a straight one-piece frock. In black, flame, dark jade, orange, grey, mole, mauve and other fashionable colours.

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In outsizes to order ... **9½ Gns.**

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We have made a special study of School Outfits for Children and Young Ladies, and all orders are carried out by a well-equipped staff of assistants who have a thorough and practical knowledge of school requirements.

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Elvery's "New Cape," a clever combination of cape and coat both smart and practical in silks and satins. Choice colours. **4½ Gns.**

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In West of England Covert Coatings.

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A nice choice awaits selection.

ON APPROVAL.—Send height and bust measurement, together with remittance or London business reference. All moneys refunded in full immediately on receipt of any parcel returned.

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**Which will
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Will you buy a new costume for winter wear; or have several costumes, skirts and coats, cleaned or dyed to suit the season? You can have a *greater variety* for less cost if you adopt this popular plan. We know you will be pleased with the effect of our work and with our modest charges.

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K. 36

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

*Smart & Distinctive
Knitted Frock
for Autumn Wear*

Wool Stockinette Frock (as sketch). Designed exclusively for Harvey Nichols, and made of soft wool with fine stripes of artificial silk in all the most fashionable colours for the present season.

PRICE
10½ Gns.

VALUE IN
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Tan Willow Brogue Golf Shoe,
smart medium toe and heel.
Price **48/6**



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FULL TRANSFORMATION
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WRITE for CATALOGUE DE LUXE, send for Appro. Selection, or call and interview Mons. GEORGES, the Pioneer of the Natural Parting, who has no superior in the art of producing Natural Transformations.

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WOMEN SHOULD REST MORE!

"WOMEN SHOULD REST MORE, IT DOESN'T MATTER ABOUT MEN, BUT I WANT TO TELL WOMEN THAT THEY SHOULD REST IF THEY WISH TO KEEP YOUNG" Elizabeth Arden

THE ARDEN
VENETIAN
PREPARATIONS
are the essential feature
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Venetian Cleansing Cream

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The ideal cleansing
combination, instead
of soap and water.

Orange Skin Food

4/6, 7/6, 12/6, and

Venetian Velve Cream

4/6, 8/6, 12/6.

Delightful nourishing
creams, Orange Skin
Food for thin faces,
and Velve Cream for
full faces.

Pore Cream, 4/6, reduces
enlarged pores.

Rest!—that is the secret of retaining youthful beauty and charm. So many women needlessly expend every ounce of vitality, utterly disregarding the necessity of keeping a little in reserve. What are the consequences. frayed nerves—irritability—depression—all of which leave behind their tell-tale lines.

Write to Elizabeth Arden, who will prescribe for you a simple Home Treatment that will work wonders in improving your appearance. She will send you "The Quest of the Beautiful," a booklet describing all the Venetian Preparations and Home Treatment for the Skin, and "Your Masterpiece—Yourself," an exquisite brochure telling all about the special Home Course of facial treatment and exercises.

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ENERGY AND STAYING POWER.

Mr. Owen Nares, the famous actor, now playing "Mark Sabre" in "If Winter Comes," writes: "Excellent is the only term which does justice to the bracing effect of an occasional course of Phosferine. Any enduring success seems so much a question of 'nerves'—good nerves—that it is obvious I, or any other, can get far better results out of work or diversion when the nerves are not likely to become 'jumpy.' As Phosferine ensures me possession of the energy and staying power which saves me from that particular risk, it is natural to consider Phosferine the most helpful of all tonics and a good and necessary investment."

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RESTORES AND INCREASES

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The Greatest of all Tonics for

Influenza
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Liquid and Tablets. The 3/- size contains nearly four times the 1/3 size.

THE LIGHTS OF PARIS.

Back to Town. Thousands of holiday-makers are every day returning to Paris from seaside and country. They rush back with as much enthusiasm as they rushed away, and their smiling faces tell of how pleased they are with themselves to have "got it over." The *apéritif* hour brings back to the great cafés the idle *bourgeois*. They look tired of their long rest. A month's holiday is really quite enough. It is sufficient to get the swarthy complexion which is *de mise* at this time of the year. But how happy they are to find again the dull and easy tasks of everyday life!

After the Rabbit.

There are some foolish things that everybody wants to do. Your own experience cannot serve others. That is why the few loiterers who have not left Paris in August are boldly taking the train off to some secret destination. Their *amour propre* is safe. But I fancy it is not only a question of *amour propre*—it is the opening of the shooting season. Unlike Mme. Rubinstein, the Parisian *chasseurs* do not set off for far-away wildernesses. In default of tigers, they are quite content with harmless rabbits, and their wanderings do not carry them much further than Versailles or Rambouillet.

Shooting Expeditions.

Nevertheless, their departure has something grandiose about it. Friends and relations have come to the station to see them off. Dogs are barking and jumping about them in maddening fashion. And their talk leaves no doubt about their sanguinary intentions. Were they silent, their rather disturbing attire would say as much. Their gun

is carried conspicuously on one shoulder, while from the other hangs a game-bag whose dimensions tell of their expectations. No attempt is made to hide the belt of cartridges. For all you know, they might be starting on a perilous expedition. A sympathetic crowd

gathers round the fearless Nimrods—they are the heroes of the day.

Modern Dianas. Madame tries her best to be a daring devotee of shooting. But she is somehow too tender-hearted. She may bring down a bird, but she will weep over it when it is time to pick it up. Nor is the costume what you would call attractive. It may suit some, but there is about it an air of austerity which Madame cannot keep for long. The Greek tunic, the quiver, the tight-laced buskin, in Madame's mind, are more becoming to feminine beauty than a Norfolk jacket, a cartridge-pouch, and high boots of fawn leather. The hind was killed with no less cruelty by bow-and-arrow than is the modern rabbit by a modern gun. But in the days of bow-and-arrow there was more place for happy attitudes and graceful gestures. At any rate, that's how Diana, the ancestress of modern *chasseresses*, is always represented in stone and oils. And Madame is envious of Diana's *couturiers*.

Nothing Like Leather.

Nevertheless, the dress-makers of to-day call upon their imagination for the creation of wonders. They show both a practical mind and a sense of æstheticism. Leather is *à l'ordre du jour*. It is practical. It serves on rainy days when you are tramping fields and forests in quest of quail and hare; and for motoring it preserves you from wind and dust. Where æstheticism comes in is in shapes and colours. There are tams of supple leather in bright hues—vivid red, bottle-green, royal-blue. And for those whom the tam does not suit there are little hats just as funny as those in vogue in the American Navy. Then the famous hip-length coatee, which is becoming the uniform of Parisiennes, is, for shooting and motoring purposes, made

[Continued overleaf.]



"PRINCESS PAT'S" SON AND HEIR: MASTER ALEXANDER RAMSAY.

Master Alexander Ramsay is the only son of Captain the Hon. Alexander Ramsay, R.N., and Lady Patricia Ramsay, who, of course, is the daughter of the Duke of Connaught. Master Alexander was born in December 1919.

Photograph by Alexander Corbett.

DeReszke

The Aristocrat of CIGARETTES

They bring you the day's best moments



IT is the desired fate of a "De Reszke" Cigarette to expend its short life in either of these two ways—If there be no sorrow to soften, then let it crown a pleasure.

You may light a "De Reszke" Cigarette with never a doubt of its peculiar power to charm. You may light it sure of its purity, mildness, rich yet delicate flavour. And, because it is a "De Reszke" you

may light it looking forward with confidence to "the best moments of the day."

Homeward to-night or outward to-morrow, remind yourself of "De Reszke."

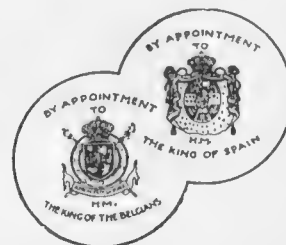
From The Duchess of Chateau-Thierry:—

"The Duchess of Chateau-Thierry finds 'De Reszke' Cigarettes delightful and exceptionally harmless."

TENOR
The TURKISH Cigarette with the PRE-WAR quality
AMERICAN
The VIRGINIA Cigarette with the TENOR reputation
In boxes of 10's, 25's, 50's and 100's



Edmund Dulac writes:—
"All I can say is that the exquisite flavour of your 'De Reszke' Cigarettes is the result of an æsthetic inspiration."



Obtainable at all leading Tobacconists and Stores, or from

J. MILLHOFF & CO. LTD 86 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W1



What Men Should Know

About film on teeth, and modern ways to end it

These are vital discoveries made by able men, at the cost of years of research. They have brought to millions, the world over, whiter, cleaner, sounder teeth.

No man can afford to ignore them. The benefits are most important—often life-long in extent. They apply to the entire family.

Every man should send this coupon, make this test, then watch results and judge them for himself.

The film problem

Film is the teeth's chief enemy—that viscous film you feel. It clings to teeth, gets between the teeth and remains.

If not removed—and frequently—it may do serious damage. It is now recognised as a potential source of most tooth troubles.

Film absorbs stains, making the teeth look dingy. Film is the basis of tartar. Smokers in particular suffer these discolorations.

Film holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth, and the acid may cause decay.

One great problem in mouth hygiene has been to find ways to daily fight that film.

Two ways discovered

Dental science has now found two effective film combatants. Able authorities have subjected them to many careful tests. The results are beyond dispute. So leading dentists everywhere are urging their daily use.

A new-type tooth paste has been created to comply with all modern requirements. The name is Pepsodent. In that tooth paste are embodied these two film combatants.

Other problems solved

Another problem has been starch deposits on the teeth. They also cling and stay, and often ferment and form acid. Nature puts a starch digestant in the saliva to digest those starch deposits. But with modern diet that agent is usually too weak.

So modern authority has decided that the tooth paste should stimulate that agent. Every use of Pepsodent multiplies that starch digestant.

Mouth acids formed another problem. Nature puts alkalis in the saliva to neutralize those acids which affect the teeth. But they also, with modern diet, are generally too weak.

So a factor is used in Pepsodent to multiply those alkalis. Thus every use increases vastly those acid neutralizers.

Now used by millions

Pepsodent is rather new, yet the use has already spread nearly all the world over. Careful people of some 40 races now employ it daily, largely by dental advice. To millions of people it is bringing a new era in teeth cleaning.

The results are quickly seen and felt. No one can doubt the benefits they bring. Someone in every home should make this test and show the effects to the family.



The Woman's Side.

To women Pepsodent means added beauty. Film-coats on teeth are frequently dingy—sometimes greatly stained. The natural lustre of the teeth comes out with their removal.

In every circle nowadays you see teeth that glisten. Ask the owners and you'll find, we think, that Pepsodent is used.

But children need Pepsodent most. Young teeth seem most susceptible to film. Very few escape its effects. Dentists advise that Pepsodent be used from the time the first tooth appears. Every mother who sees the effects will know why.

Cut out the coupon, else you may forget.

Pepsodent MARK
TRADE

The New-Day Dentifrice

A scientific tooth paste, made to comply with all modern requirements. Endorsed by authorities and advised by leading dentists almost the world over. All druggists supply the large tubes.

S. African distributors: Verrinder, Ltd., P.O. Box 6824, Johannesburg, to whom S.A. residents may send coupon.

Watch them whiten

Send this coupon for a 10-Day Tube. Note how clean the teeth feel after using. Mark the absence of the viscous film. See how teeth whiten as the film-coats disappear. The results will be delightful and convincing.

10-DAY TUBE FREE

THE PEPSODENT COMPANY,
(Dept. 128) 40, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1.

Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to—

Name

Address

Give full address. Write plainly.
Only one tube to a family.

Sketch 13/9/22

Continued.]

of leather. It is lined with a woollen tissue, or even with fur. And sometimes a trimming of patent leather adds a dainty finishing touch to that elegant sporting garment.

Fishermen Compete.

There are in France wise people who can forget the arduous political and social problems—the *vie chère* and the difficulties of modern existence. They are the fishermen. (Fisherwomen don't seem to exist. Apparently, poor womenfolk are never care-free, and cannot be among the Wise.) Not content with dozingly looking at the float and its motions which tell of happenings in the world below, they have started a series of *concours*. It is not, as one may suppose, a *concours* of patience, to decide who can wait the longest in contemplative mood for the goodwill of a fish. No. It is a competition for the Championship of Angling!

Angling in the Seine.

Angling is a difficult art. It is even an impossible art when practised in the Seine, unless you are served by an extraordinary chance or by a first-rate talent. That was probably the cause of the air of gravity imprinted on all the competitors' visages when at eight in the morning they took their assigned places on the two banks between the Concorde and the Alma. At nine the fishing-rods were thrown into the water as trumpets were sounding, and everyone kept silent. At twelve, another sound of clarions, and all the rods were out of the water. The most curious thing that happened on that day is that anglers actually caught fish!

Pears and Grapes.

We receive some consolation for the bad weather by the announcement that it is an exceptionally good year for wine. From

that assertion it would seem, contrary to all beliefs, that grapes do not like sun. That cannot be said of all fruit. If the Treille du Roy at Fontainebleau has produced good specimens, the orchard of the Luxembourg Gardens is not so lucky. Like the grapes of



WORN OUT BY A LONG RUN: "THE MAN IN DRESS CLOTHES" REQUIRES A NEW SUIT. Mr. Seymour Hicks, who has achieved such a success in "The Man in Dress Clothes," at the Garrick Theatre, is here seen being measured for a new suit by Mr. Ellis, the tailor, of 200, Strand.

the Treille du Roy, the pears of the Luxembourg are sold by auction. But rain and cold have done them much harm. This year's crop is estimated at 450 kilos instead of the 1500 kilos it yields in fairly good years! The famous Parisian orchard contains 200 different kinds of pears, and, as their gardener says, they all are "transcendent" fruit. When one tree does not produce what is expected from it, another immediately takes its place. But this year is not a famous year for pears.

JEANNETTE.

THE SIMPLETON AT THE FEAST.

(Continued from page 416.)

Supposing it wasn't Damaris, but Aunt Katherine!

In the station-room I found the Inspector interviewing a much-veiled and cloaked lady, with a big hat and big furs and big feet.

It was Aunt Katherine!

I tried not to lose my temper. I merely commanded the Inspector to use every means in his power, not excepting the rack or the thumbscrew, to extort from that veiled and hatted old witch the address of the other lady whom they had so ditheringly let slip through their fingers.

"She won't say, Sir," said the Inspector, with a wooden grin. I reminded him haughtily that there was no such word as "won't" in the dictionary used by the Force.

"Ah, but if she won't, she won't, Sir!"

"And may I ask, young man," boomed the voice of Aunt Katherine, "why you are so extremely anxious to know the whereabouts of my wife?"

[THE END.]

ROLLS-ROYCE

An Overseas Opinion of the Post-War Rolls-Royce

"SINCE this car was delivered in February last, it has toured over 30,000 miles on all kinds of roads—mostly very indifferent—through France, Italy, Switzerland and Canada.

"During the whole time the cylinders have never been removed nor has there been trouble or failure of any kind. The whole behaviour of the car has been a source of **complete satisfaction and delight.**"

Reference No. 508. The original may be seen on application.

ROLLS-ROYCE, LIMITED

Telegrams:
Rolls-Royce, Ltd.,
London.

15, Conduit Street,
London - W.1.

Telephone:
Mayfair 6040
(4 lines).

Rolls-Royce Cars and Rolls-
Royce Aero-Engines are
the Best in the World

NAPIER

The PROVED Best

An expert's opinion of the 40/50 h.p. Six-cyl. Napier.

"I have no hesitation in saying that the present car is as great an advance on the excellent pre-war Napiers as the first of the six-cylindereed Napier cars was an advance on all other cars at that time being built.

For ease of control, for beauty of line, and for superb riding qualities, the Napier has created a new standard.

I know the car will wear well because the design is right in both major and minor details, while it would be redundant for me to add that the quality of the materials used leaves nothing to be desired. Your firm has never in the past, and simply dare not now or in the future, use anything but the best."

W. H. BERRY, 9th June, 1922, Motoring Editor of "The Evening Standard."

The World-famous Napier Aero Engine—winner of Aerial Derby 1921 and 1922, and of International Flying Boat Trophy—is built in the same factory as the Six-cyl. motor carriage.

D. NAPIER & SON. Ltd

14 New Burlington Street W.1

Works: ACTON LONDON W.3

SOARING INTO POPULARITY

More Motorists than ever are now using
SHELL MOTOR OILS as well as Shell Spirit.

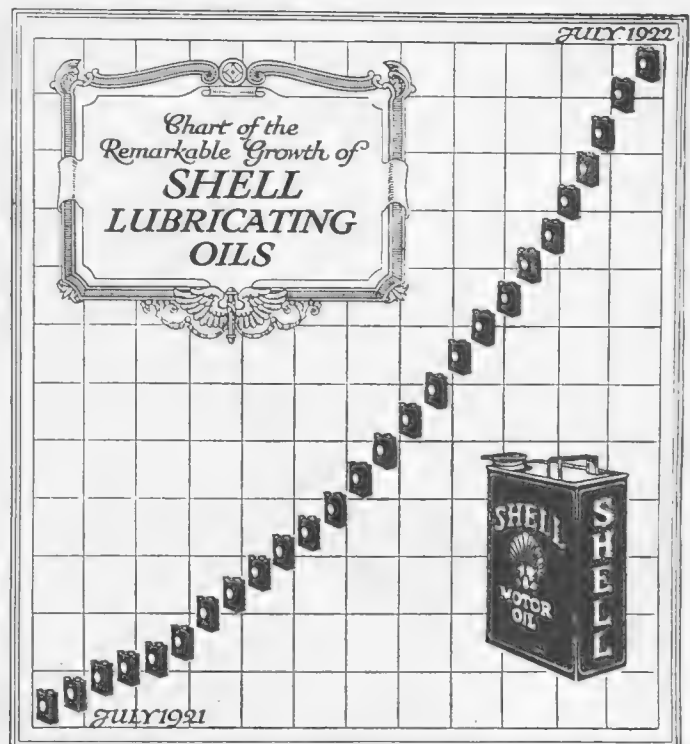
No lubricating oil has ever made such rapid strides in public favour as have "Shell" Motor Lubricating Oils since they were placed upon sale a year ago.

Have YOU tried them?

You will find them the same quality as "Shell" Spirit — THE BEST. Shell Lubricating Oils maintain perfect lubrication at all engine speeds, and *reduce your repair bills.*

A Grade for Every Motor Engine.
In quart, half-gallon, and gallon
cans; 5-gallon drums and barrels.

SHELL
MOTOR LUBRICATING
OILS "Every
Drop
Tells."



SHELL-MEX, LTD., Shell Corner, Kingsway, W.C.2

ENGAGEMENTS OF SOCIAL INTEREST : FOUR BRIDES-TO-BE.



ENGAGED TO MR. RICHARD SELICK: MISS VERA HARVEY.
Photograph by Vandyk.

MISS Vera Mabel Edith Harvey is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Harvey, of 79, Alleyn Park, Dulwich. Her engagement to Mr. Richard Scllick, only son of Mr. and Mrs. James Sellick, of Homefield, Dulwich, was recently announced.

Miss Stephanie Rose is the eldest daughter of Mr. Sydney Rose, of Freshfield, Lan-

and Mrs. Albert James Bennett, of Kirklington Hall, Southwell, Notts, has just been announced. Her grandfather, the late Lieutenant-Colonel the Hon. Archibald Douglas-Pennant, was a son of the first Lord Penrhyn. She is thus related to the present Baron and to his sister, the Hon Violet Douglas-Pennant, who was Command-



ENGAGED TO MR. F. BENNETT: MISS MARIELLA DOUGLAS-PENNANT.
Photograph by Lafayette.

cashire. She is engaged to Mr. Alan Stockley, second son of Mr. Arthur Henry Stockley, of St. Catherine's, Guildford, Surrey. The marriage will take place at Hampstead Parish Church on October 5.

Miss Mariella Douglas-Pennant is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Algernon Douglas-Pennant, and granddaughter of the Hon. Mrs. Archibald Douglas-Pennant, of 12, Portman Street, W. Her engagement to Mr. Frank Bennett, second son of Mr.



TO MARRY MR. ALAN STOCKLEY: MISS STEPHANIE ROSE.
Photograph by Chidley.



TO MARRY MR. GORDON ROGERS: MISS GWYNEDD RAWLE.
Photograph by Gordon Chase.

ant of the Women's R.A.F., and is the author of "Under the Searchlight: the Record of a Great Scandal."

Miss Gwynedd Margaret Rawle is the elder daughter of Captain and Mrs. A. W. Rawle, of Grosvenor Road, S.W.1. She is shortly to marry Mr. Gordon Frederick Rogers, of The Grange, West Wickham, Kent, youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Rogers, of Liverpool. Mr. Gordon Rogers is a nephew of Viscountess Mersey.

There's no use talking —
TASTE IT!

Blended where it
is Distilled, and
Bottled where it
is Blended

Taste MACKINLAY'S (M.L.)
Liqueur SCOTCH WHISKY
(13/6 Per Bottle) and you
will at once realize *why* it is
called "Liqueur," and that
it is Scotch Whisky—not
a stray breed that came into
the field when the War "let
down" the "bars"—and their
patrons, too! The proof
is on the *particular* palate.
"There's a Highland Flavour About It"

MACKINLAY'S
ML Liqueur
SCOTCH WHISKY

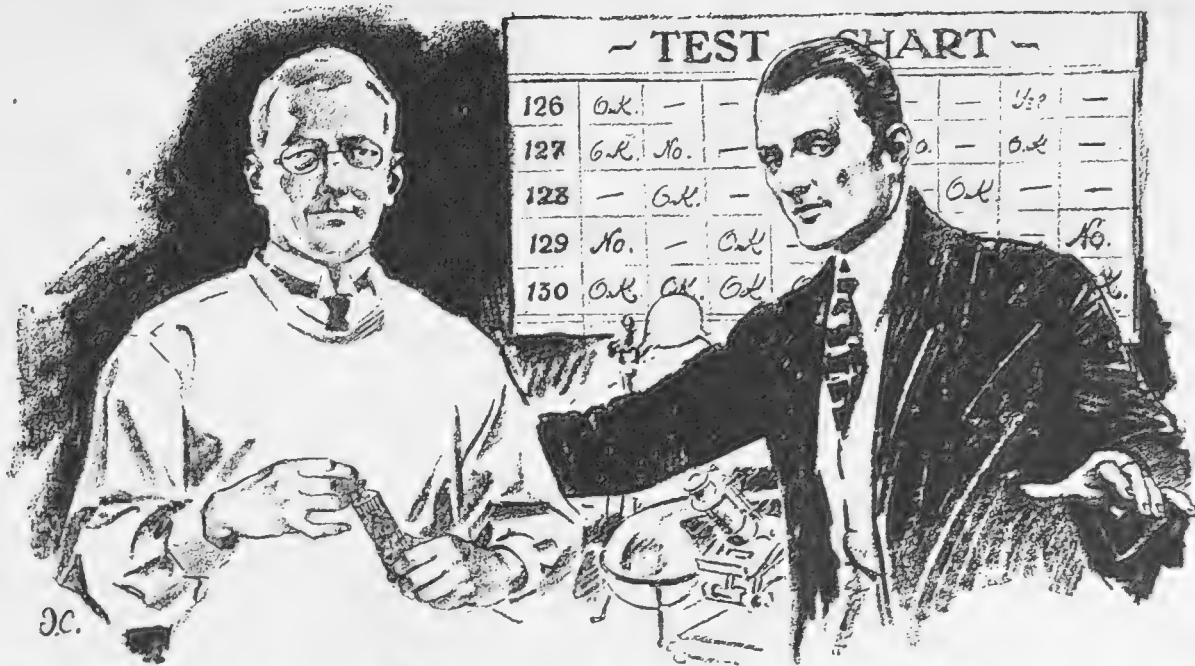


CHAS. MACKINLAY & Co
Distillers & Blenders, Leith & Inverness
London Address: 59 Mark Lane, E.C.3

**There's worth
in
Kenilworth**

The "Kenilworth" crop now being used
has developed magnificently in store, and
is making the finest Virginians procurable
to-day at any price. Yet Kenilworths only
cost 1/6 for 20; 3/8 for 50; 7/4 for 100.

COPE BROS. & CO., LTD., LONDON & LIVERPOOL.



Two Minutes Please!

Our Chemist wants a word with you and makes you a promise

*By V. K. Cassady, B.S., M.S., Chief Chemist of the
Research Laboratory of the Palmolive Company.*

GENTLEMEN—I want you to reap the benefit of my life-work as an expert in soap chemistry. I offer you a better way of shaving. I promise you quicker, smoother and better shaves than you have ever had before.

Before Palmolive Shaving Cream was presented to the shaving public this laboratory spent 18 months in painstaking experiment and made up and tested no less than 130 formulae.

We reached our aim—perfection

The result is a shaving cream that millions of men now consider the best they have ever used. The cream multiplies itself in lather 250 times. One half gram—half an inch of cream on your brush—suffices for a shave. The lather lasts—maintains its creamy fulness for 10 minutes.

The toughest growth is softened at once as the oil coating is instantly removed. The beard takes up 15% of water and as a result the razor acts like magic.

Why it acts so well

It has strong bubbles that keep the hairs erect. The light bubbles of a foamy lather let them lie down so that the razor misses them. With Palmolive Shaving Cream one passage of the razor will give you a perfectly clean shave.

Then, too, you get a cool shave because the cream is made from palm and olive oils which soften the skin and absolutely prevent all irritation. You look right and feel right when you shave the Palmolive way.



PALMOLIVE Shaving Cream

A trial costs nothing

In all fairness—to yourself and to us—you are urged to make this trial at our expense. Just sign the coupon—before you have time to forget.

Full-sized tube,
all Chemists - 1/6

P.S.

10 Shaves Free

The Palmolive Co. (of England), Ltd.,
13-14, Great Sutton Street, E.C.1.

Please send me FREE a 10-shave tube of
Palmolive Shaving Cream.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY NOTES.

OUR STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

"NOT to put too fine a point upon it, what's the commission on German Threes?"

"A thirty-second per cent. Reduced the other day. Used to be a sixteenth."

"How much is that on a tenner?"

"Three-two-six. If you pay one-and-a-half for ten German Threes, your contract will come to £150, plus three-two-six brokerage, and a couple of shillings for the stamp."

"Seems a stiff charge, even now they've reduced it, as you say. If I spent the same amount in War Loan, what would the brokerage be?"

"One golden sovereign. See what you save in buying British stock!"

"That's not the point, as you jolly well know. If I buy War Loan, it's for investment; when I buy German bonds, it's to double my money or lose the lot."

The broker nodded assent. "Been doing anything in marks?" said he.

"Nothing to speak of," replied Our Stroller. "Had a few at a thousand, and another lot at five, but you don't make anything at it; that's why I sent you the order in German Threes."

"I was wondering at your interest in the question of commission, because—"

"You know I've a fancy for odds-and-ends of information about Stock Exchange matters. I know quite a lot—thanks to your able tuition."

"And to your own invincible capacity for absorbing information from anybody and everybody."

"We tend to become personal," and Our Stroller's eyes twinkled. "Supposing you

take me into the Stock Exchange? I haven't been inside for over a month."

"I'll take you at your own risk, if you like, as the railway companies say. Shall we try this entrance?"

The broker stepped into the corridor and disappeared through the swing doors.

"Excuse me, Sir," said a waiter, grabbing Our Stroller's arm. "Only members are admitted."

"Members?" echoed our friend, with high indignation. "Why, I was a member before you were as big as your buttons. Let me go, at once!"

The waiter was not a bit nonplussed. "Gave himself away by fumbling about in his pocket," he confided to his fellow-waiters later on. "That put the lid on it, and I soon had him off the premises."

"Funny thing," commented one of the auditors, "but I thought I spotted a stranger in the West African Market to-day. Wonder if it was the same cove; got in through some other door."

"You can't expect Tin shares to buck up until the metal gives them a lead," Our Stroller heard a West African jobber say. "We're all starving, of course, but if we can last out"—and he pantomimed the tightening of an imaginary belt—"we shall have our turn again some day."

"Do you know, old chap, I saw a man exactly like you in Pall Mall last night. You must have a double."

"Thanks; I'll be delighted," and he linked arms.

"There They Go!" It is the invariable Stock Exchange cry whenever two men are seen to leave the House together at twelve o'clock noon.

Our Stroller thought the waiter in the West African stand was taking a marked

interest in himself, so off he stepped into the Industrial Market.

"They've put along these Textiles fairly fast, you know," he overheard. "Of course, they are worth the prices, but I'm afraid to follow them much further."

"You always feel like that, after any rise," was the reply. "One might say the same thing about South Africans, or anything that happens to have gone up. If business became active—"

"It's got to make a start somehow. The Kaffir boom didn't push off on its own."

"No; that was the Cape. I'm glad they've kept the Kaffir Market going for so long as this. It does give people a chance."

"Some of the public have done pretty well out of Kaffirs already. And what a rise in Diamonds! My word, I wish I'd been in De Beers."

"It's all nonsense saying there's no money about," remarked a broker. "House-agents up West are full of business. The big drapery firms have begun to get going again. Jewellers can sell stones once more: hence the jump in Diamond shares."

"Do you think the imitation pearl merchants damage trade in the genuine articles?"

"Hard to say. Many people with real pearls buy the others as well: there is not a great deal of difference between them, and you can quite understand a woman liking to have both kinds for different occasions."

"Who taught you about pearls and diamonds and such-like? You know too much—"

Our Stroller heard the bells ringing. He mistook their meaning; thought it might be a signal for "Strangers" instead of a Committee meeting. And bolted hot-foot.

Friday, Sept. 8, 1922.

WHAT DUNLOP CORD TYRES HAVE DONE

From W. H. BOWATER, Esq., Birmingham.

"I have been a user of your tyres for many years, and thought it would be interesting to you to know the mileage done by the last four tyres on my car. The Tyres are Cord, size 820x120, and are run on a Wolseley 20 h.p. six cylinder limousine.

Tyre No.	Mileage
18184	15,987 miles.
18114	15,096 "
17137	18,735 "
18062	17,697 "

I have a careful record kept of all my tyres, and if you would like to verify the mileage, I shall be very pleased for you to do so."

From H. G. POPE, Esq., Maidenhead

"I used your Cord Tyres on my G.W.K. car in the Scottish Six Days Trial, and obtained the best possible award, a Gold Medal. The same set of tyres were used in the London-Land's End Trial, in which I attribute my successes to the excellent gripping properties of your tyres."

From a User at Alderley Edge, Cheshire.

"In May, 1921, I purchased a six cylinder Armstrong-Siddeley car fitted with your Cord Tyres. I have done exactly 10,000 miles running, and have had no trouble whatsoever, no punctures or bursts, and the tyres still look good for two or three thousand more miles."

From P. J. CAFFYN, Esq.,

Caffyns Ltd., Eastbourne.

"I am still driving on the original four Dunlop Cords, although I have now exceeded 9,000 miles. Three of these tyres have not been re-inflated since fitted."

From W. MORRISON, Esq., Loch Assynt.

"I am glad to say that your Magnum Cords are really good and I am having splendid service out of them on Albion and Ford cars."

From A. R. HUNTER, Esq., Worksop.

"I am now absolutely convinced that there is nothing better in the tyre world than the Dunlop Cord."

From S. F. EDGE, Esq., Ditchling, Sussex.

"I thought it only right to let you know how very successful the Dunlop Cord Tyres were which you supplied me with for my six cylinder A.C. car which was entered recently at Brooklands, and gained such a big series of records from 2 to 12 hours inclusive, averaging for 12 hours over 70 miles an hour. I believe they stand with the unique record of having run a greater distance at 70 miles an hour than any set of tyres in the world have ever done."

From R. G. JACKSON, Esq., Maidenhead.

"I used your cord Tyres on the London-Land's End run and in the strenuous Scottish Six Days Trial, the tyres giving the utmost satisfaction. I have not had a puncture since they were originally fitted, neither have the tyres needed to be touched in any way."

From FRANK SEARLE, Esq., Managing Director, Daimler Hire Ltd., London, S.W.7.

"I should like to put on record the really wonderful results we are getting with your Dunlop Cord Tyres. Considering that our fleet consists of 250 30 h.p. landaulettes and our mileage in the summer approaches five hundred thousand miles a month (all of which is done on Dunlops) we are in a position to appreciate good value for money in tyres."

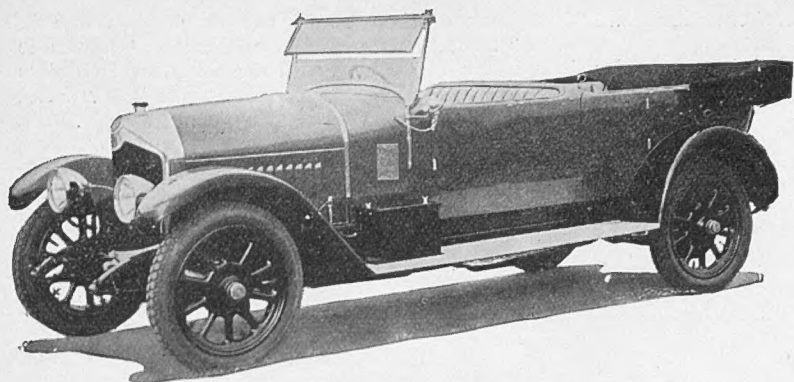
From JAMES FAIRLIE, Esq., Falkirk.

"I have on my Moon car two Dunlop Cord Tyres which have reached the 14,000 mile mark and are still going strong . . . two others have done over 5,000 each and look quite fresh."



HOW THE "NO-TROUBLE" TYRE JUSTIFIES ITS NAME

To obtain the best results from any cover, give it the unfailing support of a Dunlop tube.



The Reason

MANY owners of the 1916 h.p. Crossley have taken the trouble to write the manufacturers in terms of sincere appreciation. Invariably they have expressed their complete satisfaction, not simply saying "No complaints," but giving the car the unstinted praise they considered it deserved.

This appreciation is gratifying, but there is a reason for it. It is the logical outcome of the service given by a very fine car.

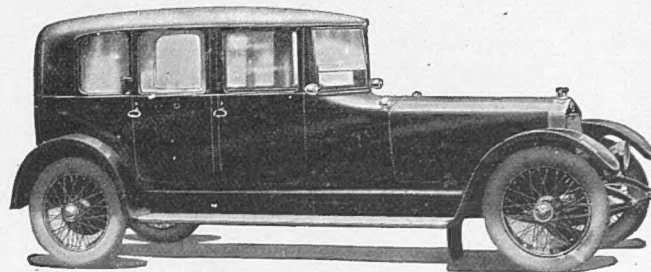
The 1916 h.p. Crossley is efficient and economical. Its road performance is exceptional, and satisfies the most exacting. Petrol consumption results are better than those of any other car of similar capacity. Every part is readily accessible, and the car can be driven and maintained with a minimum of trouble and expense.

Full details of the 1916 h.p. Crossley gladly forwarded on request, or a trial run arranged to suit your convenience.

The 1916 h.p.

Crossley

CROSSLEY MOTORS LTD., GORTON, MANCHESTER
LONDON SHOWROOMS & EXPORT DEPT.: 40-41, CONDUIT ST., W.1



The Lanchester

"Forty" An Appreciation.

"I should like to say that I am delighted with the running of my new Lanchester 'Forty' and find it at least 10 miles per hour faster than my — and certainly very much better as regards acceleration. It is the best sprung Car I have ever driven, and from the experience I have had with it, if I were in the market again to-morrow for a new machine, I should select a Lanchester in preference to the — or any other make."

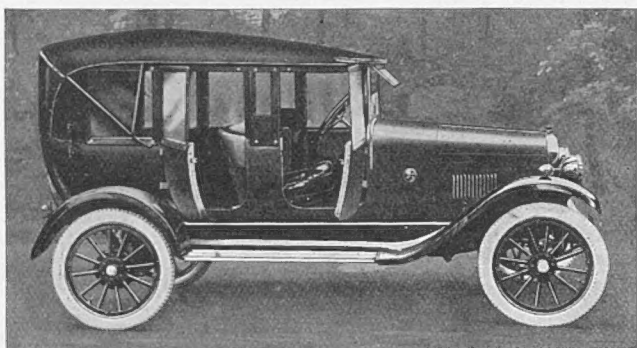
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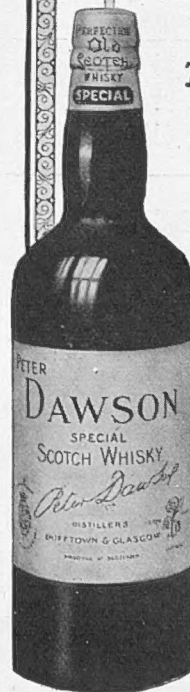
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PHOTOGRAPHING THE FAIRIES.

ALL really nice people believe in fairies—at least, they say they do, even though they have never seen one. Shakespeare's evidence is good enough for them. But there are a favoured few who have actually seen the little people with their own eyes; and two years ago—to be exact, in the 1920 Christmas Number of the *Strand Magazine*—Sir Arthur Conan Doyle published photographs of fairies taken by two girls in a Yorkshire dale. He has now expanded his article into a book, called "The Coming of the Fairies" (Hodder and Stoughton), containing fuller details, an account of various criticisms, a second series of photographs, observations of a clairvoyant in the glen where they were taken, independent testimony to the existence of fairies, particulars of subsequent appearances, and an exposition of the theosophical view of fairies.

We reproduce four of the photographs on another page of this number, so that our readers can form an opinion as to their authenticity. Expert photographers to whom they were submitted were not unanimous; some accepted them as genuine, others suspected them as "fakes." Sir Arthur frankly quotes the adverse views not only of photographers, but of general critics, such as Major Hall-Edwards, an authority on radium, and Mr. Maurice Hewlett, who concludes with the remark: "Knowing that Sir Arthur Conan Doyle has legs, I decide that the Miss Carpenters have pulled one of them."

This book is either a revelation or a "scream," according as one is a believer or

an infidel; but in either case it is worth reading.

The costume of the miniature fairies is after the best traditions of Drury Lane, and



ON THE LINKS AT NORTH BERWICK: MISS JEAN BAIRD AND MISS MARJORIBANKS.

Miss Jean Baird is the only daughter of Sir David Baird, fourth Baronet, of Newbyth, who is a Deputy-Lieutenant for Haddingtonshire.

Photograph by Balmain.

some of them recall the Butterfly scene in "Sally." None of the Yorkshire fairies is reported to have said anything, and what is the good of a fairy that does not talk? Most children, meeting a fairy, would look for a magic wand. The Cottingley girls, we fear, missed an opportunity: they should have had a pumpkin ready to be changed into a golden coach.

It is strange that versatile artists are not always proudest of their best accomplishments. This thought struck me when a friend showed me some designs for Greek tunics made by the celebrated dancer, Raymond Duncan. Naturally, I do not mean to suggest that Mr. Duncan should give up dancing altogether and take to designing materials only; but I must say I was amazed at the beauty and originality of his patterns. Of course, they are all based on antique ideas, though he often borrows from Greece's old enemy Persia, both as regards design and colouring, which is scarcely patriotic of him. I feel I shall annoy Mr. Duncan very much by suggesting that I do not believe that the Greek tunic will ever become our normal costume, for it is not adapted either to our climate or surroundings; but as a rest gown it is ideal, and looks strangely modern and graceful. It is of soft stuff, somewhat like crêpe, which, while falling in becoming folds, is not transparent; nor are the tunics by any means décolletées. They are all hand-woven, and are not desecrated in any way by machinery; and Mr. Duncan signs them, just as an artist signs a painting.

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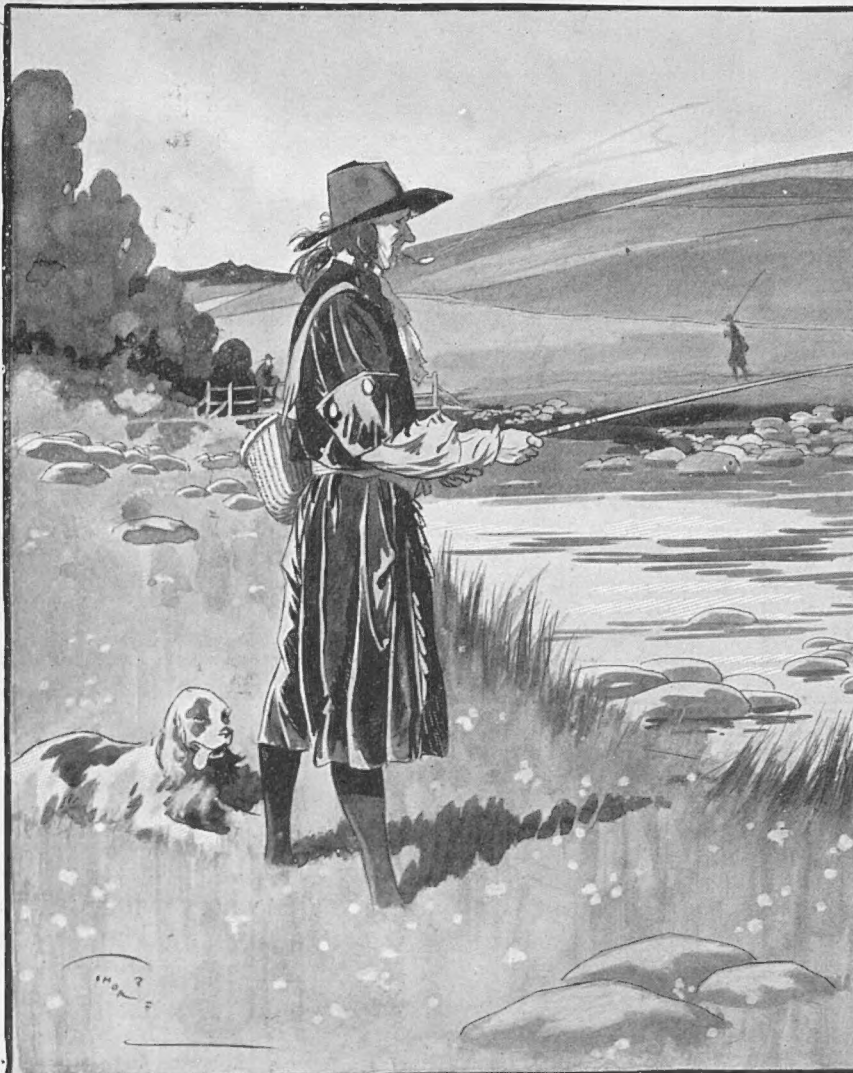
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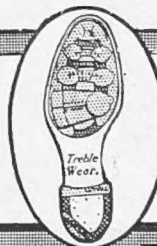
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